

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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Also 50's & 100's

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Devoid of all the usual
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Of all Chemists, price 1/3
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Gives perfect HEARING to deaf ears—a type for EVERY case. Small, light and practically invisible in use. Used and recommended by Lord Leverbule, Prof. J. A. Fleming, F.R.S., General Booth, and many other distinguished people. CALL FOR FREE TEST or write for details of postal fittings, "MEDICAL PRESS OPINIONS" and "TRUTH'S TRIBUTE."

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DECORATE YOUR HOME WITH "NELL GWYNN" CANDLES

BE the room what it may—a setting where quaint old prints bring out the sombre softness of antique oak, a beautiful harmony of mellow mahogany and rich carpets, a scheme of toned gilt of the French periods, or just a portion of an utility 1925 home—it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Old World Candles. They set the seal of charm; they are the mark of personal artistry; they complete a picture of perfect taste, as can only these candles, made by a firm whose craftsmanship is a three-century tradition.

THERE is a list of colours below. Some will harmonise with every scheme of furnishing; all fill a definite need. "Nell Gwynn" Candles can be obtained from high-class stores.

A free Booklet "Lights of other days," giving the story of "Nell Gwynn" Candles, will be sent on request.

TWENTY-ONE ART COLOURS:

1. Light Pearl Grey; 2. Dark Pearl Grey; 3. Electric Blue; 4. Sky Blue; 5. Light Blue; 6. Dark Blue; 7. Jade Green; 8. Peacock Green; 9. Apple Green; 10. Sulphur Green; 11. Sulphur Yellow; 12. Maize Yellow; 13. Old Gold; 14. Blush Pink; 15. Pink; 16. Old Rose; 17. Rose; 18. Red; 19. Dragon's Blood; 20. Assyrian Red; 21. Royal Purple.

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are a new product. Most high-class stores have them, but if you experience any difficulty, send your remittance covering your requirements and stating sizes, colours and packings you desire direct to the makers at the address below. The goods will be forwarded post free.

"NELL GWYNN" Antiqué CANDLES.

J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Soap and Candle Manufacturers, (Dept 23G) London, S.E.1. Estd. 1642 in the reign of Charles I.

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are packed and priced as follows:

Long (12 ins.)	Medium (10 ins.)	Short (8 ins.)
4 in box	4 in box	4 in box
2/9 per box	2/3 per box	1/9 per box
2 in box	2 in box	2 in box
1/6 per box	1/3 per box	1/- per box



BEFORE GOING OUT

The British woman must constantly anticipate vagaries of climate. Olva is the universal soap for beauty—a protection against keen, cutting winds or hot sunshine.

The Olva way of washing is a brisk lather rubbed in with a circular motion, rinsed off in warm water, and followed by a cold splash.

Palm Oil and Olive Oil are widely known as beneficial and emollient beauty aids—the art of so refining and blending them to really effect the purpose is known to few.

Price's, with their three-quarters of a century experience, have achieved the super-blend in Olva—the British Palm and Olive Oil Soap. The wonderful tablet has a subtle fragrance rare in soaps made from these oils, a rich lather that charms dirt out of the pores, and a tonic and refreshing action that is acceptable to the most delicate skin.

But be sure you get, amongst the multitude of Palm and Olive Oil Soaps, Olva, the triumph of British Soap making—made in England for you.



SAY Olva

PALM AND OLIVE OIL Soap

Linen Table Damask



LINEN DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS
No. I.L.N. 282. Pure Irish Linen double damask table cloths and napkins. Design Adams style. Can also be supplied in ornament, Empire style.

2 x 2 yards ... each 27/9
2 x 2 1/2 " ... " 34/6
2 x 3 " ... " 41/6

LINEN NAPKINS TO MATCH.
22 x 22 inches ... dozen 31/6
24 x 24 " ... " 36/6
26 x 26 " ... " 42/6

THERE is nothing to surpass the exquisite finish of double damask. It possesses a dignity all its own, and there is no finer background for crystal, silver and beautiful china. Robinson & Cleaver's double damask is the first essential to a beautiful table.

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Let us send you a copy of our Catalogue No. 40 D. We guarantee all our goods, and pay carriage on all orders of 20/- and upwards in the U.K. Cash willingly refunded in case of any dissatisfaction.

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LONDON BELFAST LIVERPOOL

Rowlands' Macassar Oil

is AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY for all who wish to Preserve and Beautify their HAIR



As it Penetrates to the Roots it will replace the loss of the Natural Oil in the Hair, the want of which causes Baldness. Ladies and Children should always use it, as it lays the foundation of a Luxuriant Growth. Also prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/-, 10/6, and 21/- bottles, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and Rowlands, 112, Guilford Street, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.



"The Major."

Even Better than the Best

YES—it is possible. Hitherto even the best Cigarettes have been damaged by coarse paper and printer's ink.

NOW

the matured golden Virginia in Cavander's ARMY CLUB Cigarettes is wrapped in *pure ribbed rice paper, watermarked* and free from printer's ink—so that ARMY CLUB Cigarettes are "*even better than the best.*"

“**Army Club**”

Cigarettes

SANDHURST

10 for 6d.

20 for 1/-

Every packet and tin of ARMY CLUB Cigarettes is covered by a transparent wrapper, rendering it *airtight* and guaranteeing *unvarying* condition and *quality*.

"How do you manage to keep your furniture so nice, my dear? It looks better and brighter every time I see it!"

"Oh, just an occasional rub over with Ronuk, you know—a dab and a rub will do it."



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"The Brightest Shine in the Shortest Time"

is given by

**RONUK
BOOT POLISH**
It is the Best.

2d., 4d. and 6d. per tin.

makes a marked improvement in any furniture. It quickly and easily produces a hard and brilliant polish to which dust cannot adhere and which never smears nor fingermarks.

Sold everywhere in glass bottles and blue stone vases.

RONUK Ltd., PORTSLADE, SUSSEX.

Exclusive KNITTED FROCK

An attractive fine wool stockinette Frock with a self vest & artificial silk collar & cuffs in the latest cross-over shape. In shades of Black, White, Saxe, Mole, Beige, Navy & Tan.

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THE FASHION FOR GREY SQUIRREL

At the present moment Grey Squirrel capes and coats are particularly fashionable in the smartest circles. The light soft silvery skins are most attractive and becoming, but are exceedingly scarce. We were fortunate enough to obtain a large parcel of these silvery skins, which we have had made up into a number of Squirrel capes and coats, similar in character to the garment sketched.

A BEAUTIFUL SQUIRREL FUR WRAP (as sketch), worked from Selected clear Grey Russian Squirrel Skins on attractive and becoming lines. Lined rich Cerise French Embroidered Crêpe-de-Chine.

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SQUIRREL COATS & WRAPS
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"BRUNETTE
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A rich brown biscuit with a flavour all its own. Sandwiched with Chocolate cream...

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Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sprains, Stiffness, etc.

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All-Silk Pyjamas

Made specially for Harrods, these Pyjamas are offered at a price that makes them really remarkable value. The silk used has been subjected to a severe test and is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction in wash and wear.

All colours are guaranteed fast, and any garment failing to give satisfaction will be replaced free of charge.

In plain shades of Blue, Mauve, Pink or Gold, and edged with white or plain throughout.

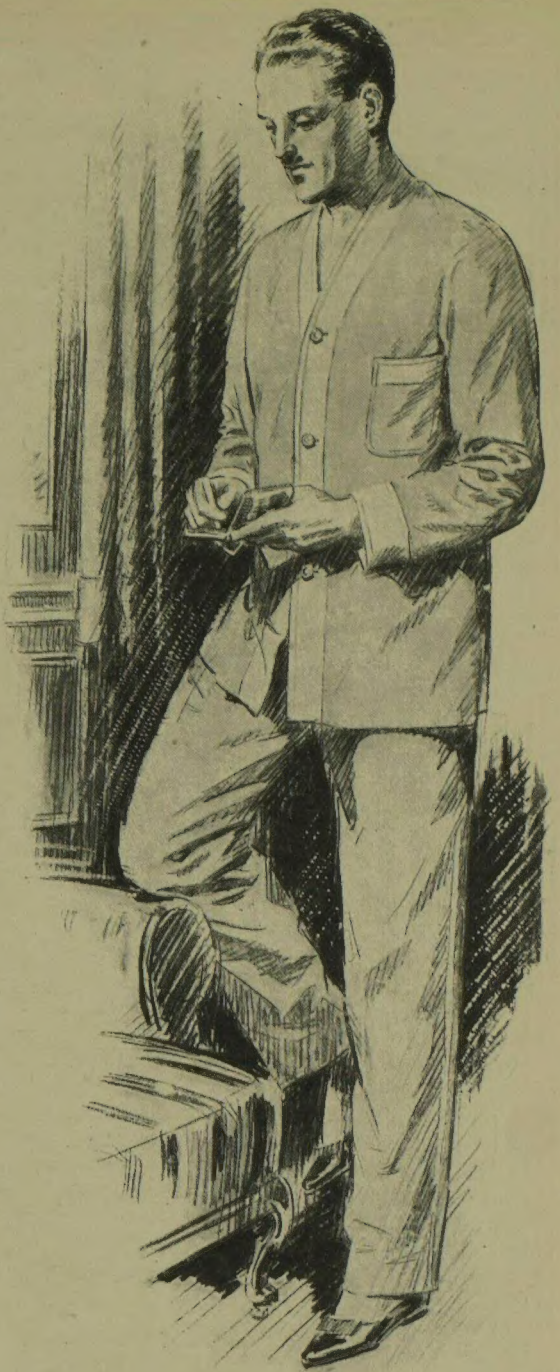
All Harrods Pyjamas are made to fit most men from 36 to 44 inch chest, 5 ft. 4 ins. to 6 ft. 4 ins. in height.

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SIZES **35/6**

*Separate Entrance to Men's
Wear Sections in Hans Crescent*

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*Fitted with the wonderful
Connoisseur Player-Action*

A remarkable combination of the Spencer 7.1/3 Octave Upright Grand (the finest Piano in the world), and the famous Connoisseur 88-note Player Action. An instrument that requires no special skill to operate—the simple aids for correct and easy playing including the Solodist, Autotracker, Autopedal and Deletor. Complete details free on request.

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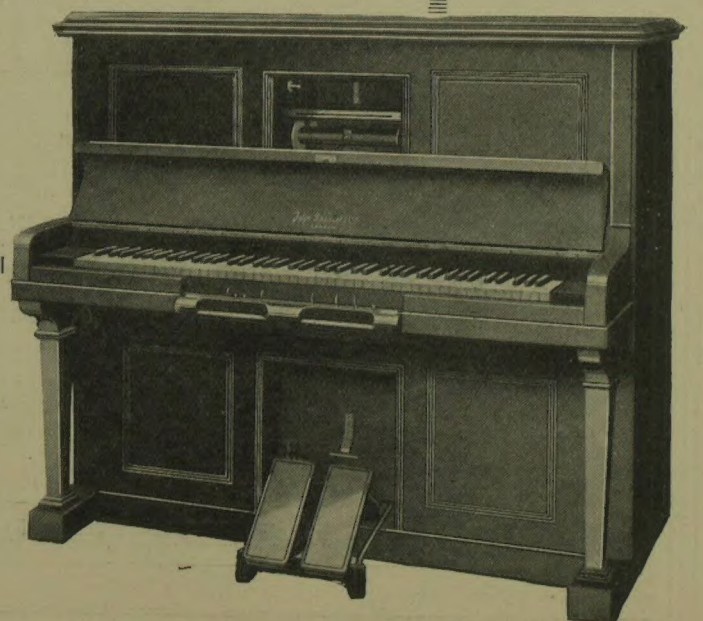
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Broadwood, Chappell,
Collard, Hopkinson,
Rogers, Allison, etc.*



**A real razor
— made safer**

When a man buys a Wilkinson he throws away his toys—those fiddling things with wafer blades that scrape and irritate and scamp their work.

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The famous Wilkinson Sword Steel Blade is hollow-ground and hand-forged from the finest steel—just like a big, straight razor. Its lasting keen edge cannot be obtained—let alone retained—on the 'wafer' type of safety blade.

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And the Roller Guard prevents side slipping, and feeds the lather to the cutting edge.

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A Man's Razor

No. 121, comprising seven hollow-ground blades, each etched with day of week, Adjustable Shaver-Frame, Automatic Strop-per, in polished oak case **42/-**

No. 122.—The same as No. 121, but with only three blades (numbered) **25/-**

Other Sets at 15/6 and 8/6.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1925.

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THE HORSE AS SCULPTOR'S "SITTER": A REMARKABLE HEAD OF A SUFFOLK PUNCH STALLION, SUDBOURNE PREMIER, BY THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR, MR. HERBERT HASELTINE, RECALLING ONE OF THE METOPES OF THE PARTHENON.

Mr. Herbert Haseltine's admirable models of British champion horses, which are of great interest in view of the Shire Horse Show just held at the Agricultural Hall, are further illustrated and described on a double-page in this number. The complete model of Sudbourne Premier, whose head is given above, is there to

to be seen. Mr. Haseltine emphasises the fact that all the models, some of which are in plaster of Paris and others in plasticine, are shown in the photographs in an unfinished state and represent practically his first impressions, the result of some five to ten days' work.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERNES, MAROUTEAU ET CIE, PARIS. BY COURTESY OF MR. HERBERT HASELTINE.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is a sign of senility for a man to begin to quote himself, especially to quote himself with approval. In my capacity, of lean and slippered pantaloons, I now propose to raise my dying voice to this deplorable and unedifying effect. It becomes possible to the aged because the incident happened so long ago that it seems to have happened to somebody else, and a man sees his own figure almost as a figure in history. This is especially true of lives like our own, that have been cloven into by the rushing eternity of the Great War. As I might comment favourably on the conceit of an obscure cavalier lyricist or the epigram of a neglected eighteenth-century philosopher, so I here recall with approval the remark of a fortunately forgotten journalist who began to write in the last days of Queen Victoria. The remark recurs to my memory in contemplating the controversies of the practical disappearance of the Protocol and its effect on the prospects of the League of Nations. Heaven knows how many years before the war, in some book or other that I have never read again, I remember remarking, "What we need in such a crisis is an unpractical man."

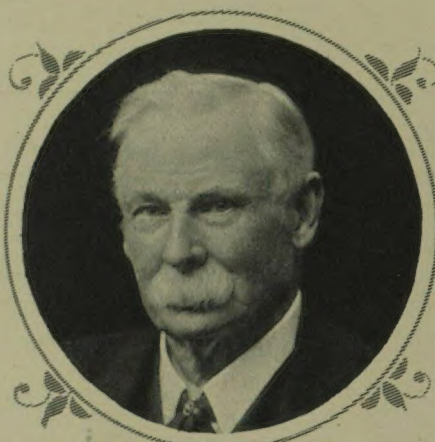
Practical men have been responsible for practically all our practical disasters. The perpetual demand for a practical man is a demand for something that would make those disasters more disastrous. There is a reason for this; but even in inquiring for the reason we step out of the province of the practical man and suffer his facile scorn and impatience. The province of the practical man is, of course, a very practical province. I should be disposed to say that it is a very provincial province. But anyhow he admits that he cares little for reasons; he constantly affirms that he cares only for results. And this is an incompetent proceeding to start with, for to look for results without looking for causes is not to understand the results as results, even when you have got them. This is the perpetual and pitiful tragedy of the practical man in practical affairs. He always begins with a flourish of contempt for what he calls theorising and what people who can do it call thinking. He will not wait for logic—that is, in the most exact sense, he will not listen to reason. It will therefore appear to him an idle and ineffectual proceeding to say that there is a reason for his present failure. Nevertheless, it may be well to say it, and to try and make it clear even to him.

What is the matter with the practical man, in such things as international politics, is that he is always satisfied with persuading a number of people that a certain thing may as well be done. Sometimes it sounds very practical indeed. By hook or crook (especially crook) he can persuade five or six totally different types of men, let us say, to build a bridge. One man wants a bridge to connect two countrysides in order that the two types of population may become neighbours and friends. Another wants a bridge because he wants a bridge-head—that is, he wants a strategic position from which he can pour armies into the other countryside to waste it with fire and sword. A third man wants a bridge because he very much wants a contract for the building of a bridge. A fourth man, for all I know, wants a bridge that he may sit on it and fish in the river; and a fifth man, that he may put

a policeman on it to prevent anybody from fishing. But the practical man is quite happy, because he has got what he calls the consent of all parties. So long as he has managed somehow or other to scrape together the names, the votes, the signatures, the mere material assents to the mere material action, he has done what he describes as getting results. And God knows he does get results. He gets results that make us wonder whether the whole world has gone mad. The bridge is opened in the name of peace and is immediately used for war. The bridge is entrusted with the lives of soldiers and immediately breaks down in the middle, because it has been made in the interests of swindlers. The policeman and the fisherman fight on the bridge until they both fall into the river to feed the fishes. A confusion covers the world

That bridge of international brotherhood which many good men wished to build between nations after the war, has been treated in this practical way, and has collapsed in this equally practical way. And it has collapsed for want of what these people call an unpractical man—that is, a man who would take the trouble to think out the theory of the whole thing. Peace has a reason, just as war has a reason. Men agree about something, just as they disagree about something. But it is vain to get men to agree to do something for a reason about which they disagree. Their agreement will only last as long as they do not know what the real effect of the agreement is going to be. If they differ about the reasons they will differ about the results, as soon as there are any results. As long as men are doubtful for what an instrument like the League of Nations will be used, they will all agree to call it useful. They will suddenly cease to call it useful on the first day when it is used.

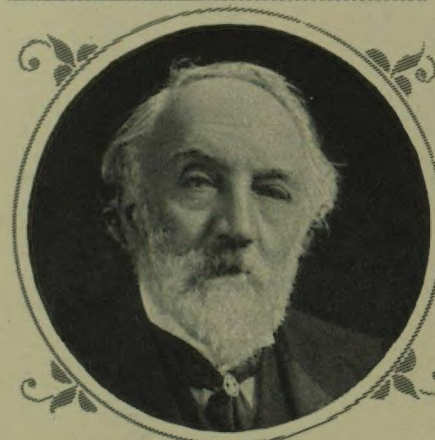
I was quite prepared to believe in a League of Nations; but I supposed, in my vague theoretical way, that it was a League of Nations. A League of Nations means a League of Nationalists. It means that Europe does definitely accept the ideal of national independence and national authority, and then tries to make a true treaty, or contract between independent individuals, with the object of lessening the occasions of war and purifying the methods of war. Other people have quite other theories of the right relations of the provinces of civilisation. Mr. H. G. Wells believes in a World State to which our direct patriotic service should be due. The Bolsheviks believe in a division not between nations, but between classes—that is, they believe not merely in a World State, but in a World Revolution. Some people, for all I know, believe in social units much smaller than nations; some certainly did take this view about those Italian cities that were the famous republics of the Middle Ages. Personally, I think that view much more human and sensible than either the World State of Wells or the World Revolution of Trotsky. But I do not object to Wells and Trotsky for having different theories of Europe from my own. I do object to their two incompatible theories being hopelessly tangled up with my own; and the whole of that meaningless muddle being described as the politics of a practical man. In the affair of the Protocol, the Internationalists tried to use the League of Nations as if the whole theory of it were the very reverse of national; as if it were not only International, but Anti-National. The result was that this particular bridge has most clearly and completely broken down. But the very fact that it was ever thought possible for it to stand up is a striking example of the fatuity that falls on those who think that theories do not matter. It came about through this bustling businesslike notion that results have been gained when we have persuaded people to sit round a table and to call themselves by a title. There will probably be the same problem about any discussion about armaments if it is what people call a practical discussion. We must have a common principle; it ought to be a religion, but it must be an idea and it must not be a platitude. Above all, it must not be in the hands of anybody so unpractical as a practical politician.



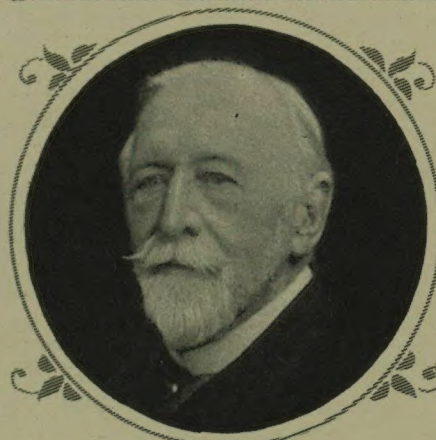
AN EMINENT CHEMIST: THE LATE SIR EDWARD THORPE, F.R.S.



A DISTINGUISHED RAILWAY MANAGER: THE LATE SIR R. TURNBULL.



"THE SCHOLAR'S HISTORIAN": THE LATE SIR JAMES RAMSAY OF BAMFF.



PROFESSOR OF PHYSIC, CAMBRIDGE: THE LATE SIR CLIFFORD ALLBUTT.

Sir Edward Thorpe presided over the British Association at Edinburgh in 1921. In his address he traced the atomic theory since Kelvin's time, and denounced the German use of poison gas.—Sir Robert Turnbull was in the service of the London and North Western Railway from 1868 to 1914, when he became General Manager. In 1915 he retired and joined the Board of Directors.—Sir James Ramsay of Bamff, who was ninety-two, was the father of the Duchess of Atholl, M.P. He devoted his long life to historical research, and published five important works, covering the period from Anglo-Saxon to Tudor times, which have been called "the scholar's History of England."—Sir Clifford Allbutt had been Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge since 1892. He was born in 1836, and had long been known as "the Grand Old Man of British Medicine."—[Photographs by Russell, Vandyk, and Elliott and Fry.]

like the chaos before the world was made, in which the bridge remains as a sort of ruin, and blind generations are born who do not even know that it was ever anything but a ruin. They have never heard of the abstract theoretical notion that it is the business of a bridge to bridge. The two peoples on the two banks will cling to their broken fragments of a bridge, for no reason except that each is a big and bulky and solid object. For they are all practical men and will only deal with solid objects. They call it practical politics, or taking things as they find them.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 364, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

"ORDERED SOUTH" AFTER BRONCHITIS: THE ROYAL PATIENT.

FROM A PHOTO-ETCHING (BY SPECIAL PROCESS) BY JAMES BACON AND SONS, OF NEW BOND STREET AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



Photo. Etching

Jas. Bacon & Sons.

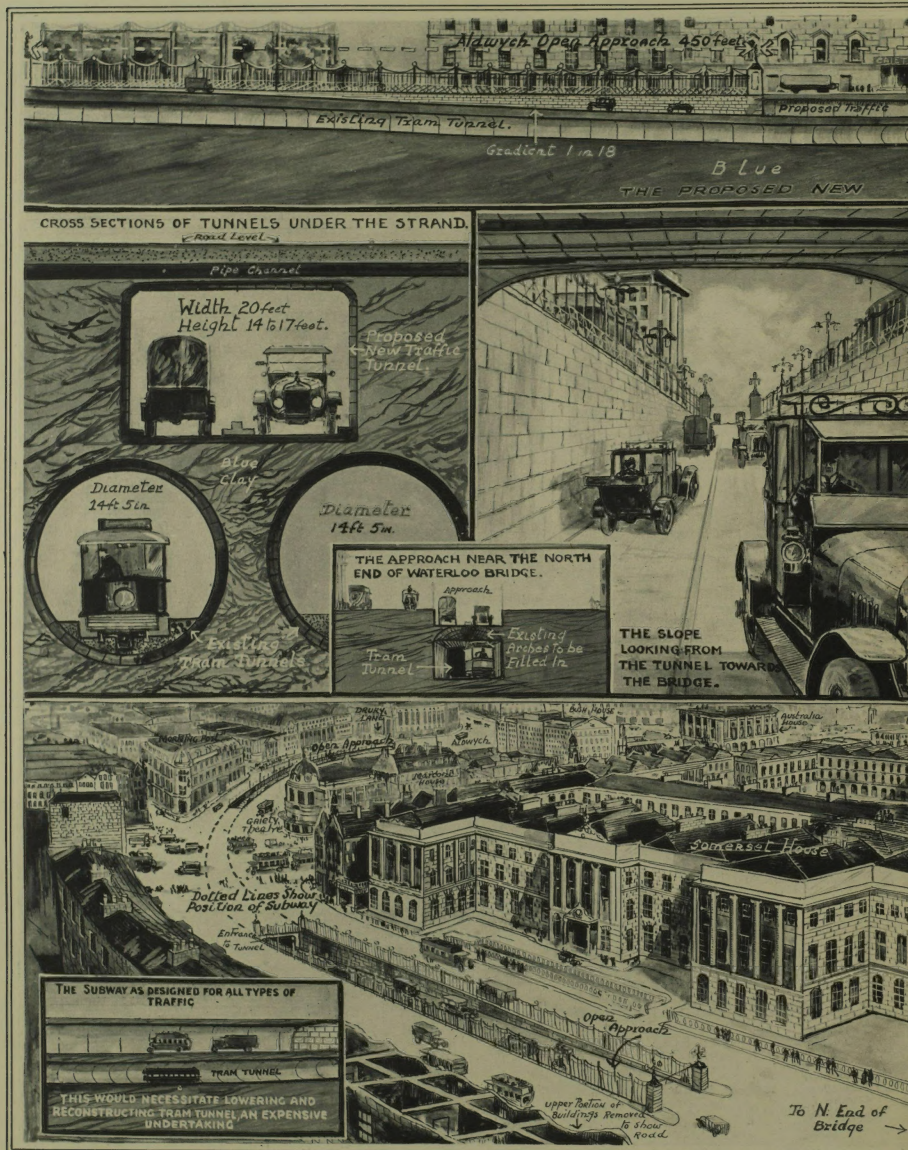
TO "PROCEED TO THE SOUTH OF EUROPE AND CRUISE IN HIS YACHT": HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Influenza is no respecter of persons, and, to everyone's regret, it recently attacked his Majesty the King. On the 22nd his medical advisers—Sir Stanley Hewett, Sir Milsom Rees, and Lord Dawson of Penn—stated in their bulletin: "The influenza . . . was somewhat severe, the bronchitis extending to the bases of the lungs—a form of the malady which is apt to be tedious and resistant. . . . We

advise, when the stage of convalescence has been reached, that his Majesty shall proceed to the South of Europe and cruise in his yacht for a few weeks." The Queen will go with him. The above portrait is by the same new process of photo-etching as that of Princess Mary in our issue of August 23 last and that of Lord Oxford and Asquith in our last number.

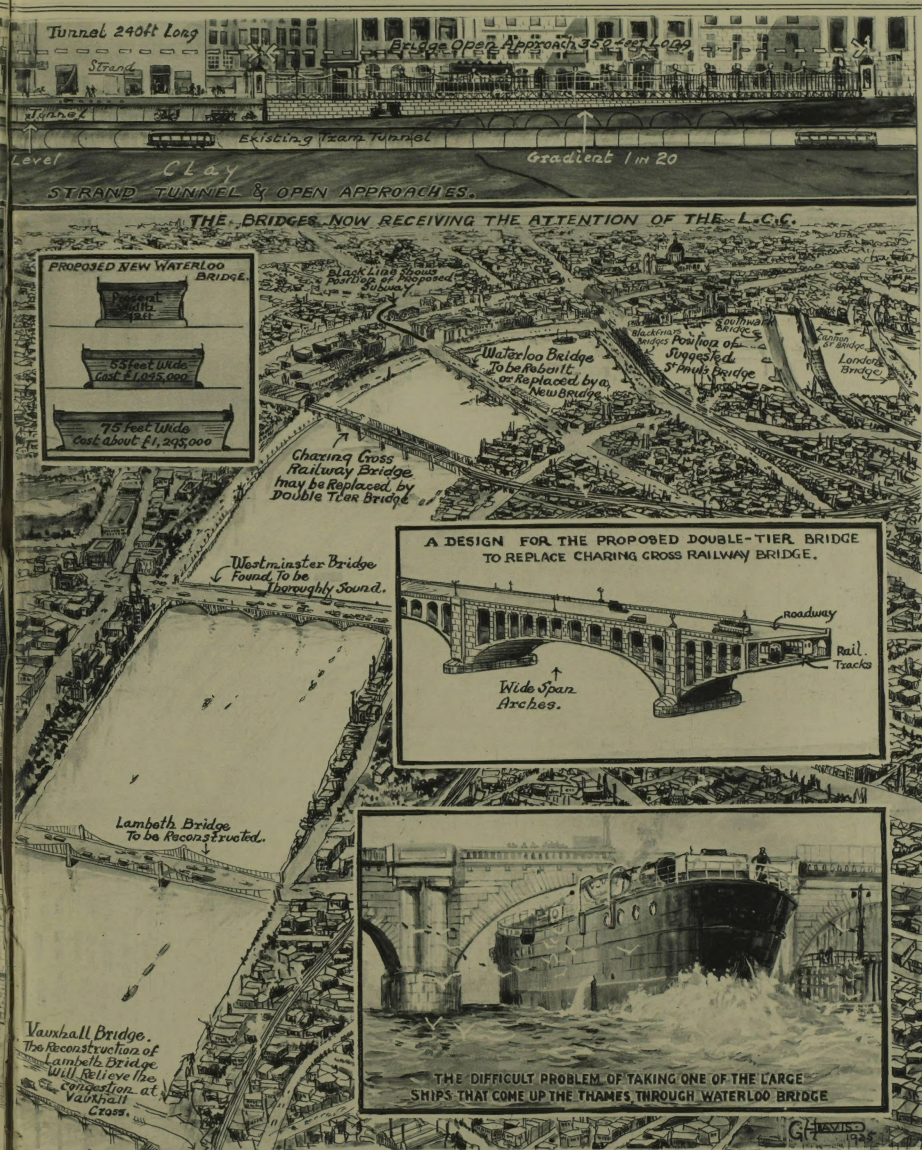
THE FATE OF ENGLAND'S GRANDEST BRIDGE: A SCHEME FOR REBUILDING THAT EVOKED A STORM OF PROTEST.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,
G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL DETAILS.



ALTERNATIVE SCHEMES CONSIDERED BY THE L.C.C. REGARDING WATERLOO BRIDGE AND

The proposal to pull down and rebuild Waterloo Bridge, which came before the London County Council on February 24, evoked a storm of protest. Before considering the Committee's report containing the recommendation, the Council heard the views of the Fine Art Commission and of a deputation representing the Royal Institute of British Architects, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the Architecture Club, the London Society, and the Town Planning Institute—all pleading for delay and further investigation. Many letters of protest had also appeared in the Press, from Lord Curzon, Mr. Muirhead Bone, and others, pointing out the irreparable loss to London if Rennie's bridge, "the finest in England, and one of the finest in the world," were to be destroyed, and urging that the sacrifice was unnecessary. Our drawings show details of schemes presented to the L.C.C. As regards Waterloo Bridge, the question was, whether the existing bridge should be rebuilt in all its present beauty of line, whether it should be widened by 12 ft. 6 in. at an approximate cost of £1,081,000, or whether a new bridge should be built with a width of either 55 or 75 ft., the difference in width being clearly shown by a glance at one



CROSS-RIVER TRAFFIC IN GENERAL: DIAGRAMS INCLUDING THE PROPOSED SUBWAY.

of the small inset drawings above. The narrowness of the arches had also to receive attention, as it is very difficult to take a tug with barges in tow through when a strong ebb tide is swinging them round, or a large coal-boat. To carry away the cross traffic at the north end of the bridge, the Committee suggested a subway (with long, open approaches) to pass under the Strand, and take all the lighter road vehicles. This subway would be built practically on top of the present tramway tunnels. Finally, the Committee recommended the building of a new Waterloo Bridge with not more than five arches, and six lines of vehicular traffic. Attention was also called to other important bridges. The reconstruction of Lambeth Bridge would tend to relieve the congestion at Vauxhall Cross. A scheme for a road bridge at Charing Cross was suggested, and the double tier bridge sponsored by Captain Swinton, a member of the L.C.C., may receive consideration. The tests recently made at Westminster Bridge proved it to be in a thoroughly sound condition, and good for over 100 years. The suggested tunnel under the Strand does not apparently present serious difficulties, and could be built for about £150,000.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WATERLOO BRIDGE AND ITS SITE IN ART.

ILLUSTRATIONS NOS. 1 TO 5, BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM; NO. 6, BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



1. AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN: A DESIGN FOR A PROPOSED BRIDGE AT SOMERSET HOUSE BY THOMAS SANDBY, R.A. (1721-98)—LOOKING EAST, WITH ST. PAUL'S SEEN THROUGH THE SECOND ARCH FROM LEFT.



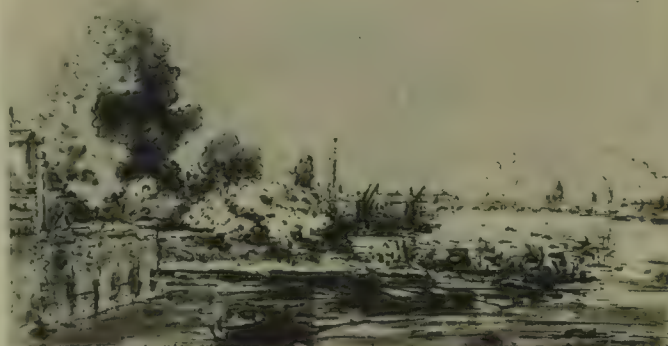
2. IMPOSING, BUT INCONVENIENT FOR MODERN TRAFFIC: SANDBY'S DESIGN FOR THE APPROACH TO HIS PROPOSED BRIDGE.



3. A DISCARDED EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SCHEME THAT MADE NO PROVISION FOR AN EMBANKMENT: THOMAS SANDBY'S COMPLETE DESIGN FOR A PROPOSED STRUCTURE WHERE WATERLOO BRIDGE NOW STANDS—A VIEW LOOKING WEST, SHOWING BUILDINGS ON THE BRIDGE, AND THE WATER FLUSH WITH THE FRONT OF SOMERSET HOUSE (SEEN ON THE RIGHT).



4. A GREAT PAINTER'S IMPRESSION OF THE STATE OPENING OF WATERLOO BRIDGE IN 1817: CONSTABLE'S BRILLIANT OIL STUDY FOR HIS LARGE PICTURE, SHOWING ST. PAUL'S BEYOND THE BRIDGE.



5. CONSTABLE'S FIRST SKETCH FOR HIS LARGE PAINTING, "THE OPENING OF WATERLOO BRIDGE": ANOTHER INTERESTING ITEM IN THE COLLECTION ON VIEW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



6. RECENTLY SOLD IN LONDON: A MUCH-DISCUSSED VENETIAN PAINTER'S VIEW OF THE THAMES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—CANALETTO'S DRAWING OF ST. PAUL'S AND ITS SURROUNDINGS SEEN FROM THE ADELPHI, WITH THE TERRACE OF SOMERSET HOUSE IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND.

Waterloo Bridge, whose fate is the subject of so much public concern, was opened, in Wellington's presence, on June 18, 1817, the second anniversary of his victory. The first five of the above illustrations are from a group of paintings, drawings, and prints of the bridge, from its inauguration to the present day, recently placed on exhibition in Room 71 of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The exhibits, which are mainly from the Museum collection, include two sketches by Constable, of the Thames-side showing Waterloo Bridge, and his brilliant oil study, based on one of the sketches, for his large picture of "The Opening of Waterloo Bridge." Among other exhibits, special interest attaches to four designs made by Thomas Sandby, R.A.

(1721-1798), the architect, brother of Paul Sandby, for a proposed bridge at Somerset House. Canaletto's drawing (here reproduced) was included in the sale at Christie's, on February 20, of pictures and drawings by old masters from the collection of the late Mrs. Heywood Johnstone. The vexed question whether the famous Venetian landscape painter ever visited England was settled by the researches of Mrs. Hilda Finberg, who writes: "He was still in England in 1755. As he came here for the first time in May 1746, he was, therefore, working in this country for nine years." Of the above view of St. Paul's she says: "This is another version of the drawing in the Royal Library at Windsor. . . . The terrace . . . is that of Old Somerset House."

THE BAR'S HUNT BALL: PEGASUS IN PINK IN THE TEMPLE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, HOOKWAY COWLES.



DANCING IN THE HISTORIC PRECINCTS OF THE LAW: THE PEGASUS CLUB BALL IN THE HALL OF THE INNER TEMPLE, WHERE JUDGES AND BARRISTERS APPEARED IN HUNTING PINK—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION.

The beautiful and historic Hall of the Inner Temple presented a gay aspect on the night of Friday, February 20, when the second ball of the Pegasus Club took place. The first was given on February 29 last year, and its great success led to the suggestion to make it an annual affair. The Pegasus Club, which was formed in 1895, is limited exclusively to members of the Bench and the Bar, and its primary object is to arrange the annual Bar Point-to-Point Races. The club badge, worn by all members at the ball, represents a barrister in wig and gown mounted on a plunging white steed, and was designed by the late

Sir Frank Lockwood. At this year's ball supper was served in the Parliament Chamber, where the Benchers are wont to assemble in solemn conclave, and law students are called to the Bar four times a year. There was also supper in the Muniment Room, as well as a buffet in the Library, which was used as the principal room for sitting-out. Smoking was not allowed in the buildings containing the Hall and Library and Benchers' rooms, owing to the fact that they hold many priceless books and pictures. The men dancers wore hunting pink, as on the previous occasion.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE TERNS OF BLAKENEY POINT.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

CONFLICTING interests are hard to adjust, because each side is convinced that the other has "no case," and arbitration is difficult because each side insists on submitting only the facts which lend support to its own version of the matter in dispute.

A striking illustration of this method of argument has just occurred in regard to the conflict of opinion which has arisen anent the preservation of the colony of terns on Blakeney Point, on the north-east coast of Norfolk. Here is to be found one of the largest colonies of these birds in the country. Here, on a shingle spit, partly covered with sand-dunes, they have nested from time immemorial, and for the last quarter of a century have been jealously protected—at first by a local society, because the existence of the colony was threatened with extinction; and later, since 1912, by the National Trust, to whom the area was presented.

Last year it was estimated that not less than one thousand pairs nested there. For the most part these were Common Terns. But, besides, 143 nests of the Sandwich Tern were counted, and about fifty of the Little Tern. There is also reason to believe that a few pairs at least of the Roseate Tern nested there.

To the ornithologist the preservation of this colony is a matter of supreme importance. For these are birds of great beauty; and they certainly add immensely to the interest of the seashore during the summer months. Moreover, the study of their life-history has yielded, and will yield, facts of profound importance to students of animal behaviour, as well as food for reflection for those interested in the theory of Evolution and in Economic Zoology.

This last aspect, of the part played by the Terns, in regard to their inter-relations with other creatures, is likely to be pursued intensively during the coming summer; because, for some years past, these birds have been regarded with extreme disfavour by the local fishermen, who are clamouring for the destruction of the colony on the ground that the birds are responsible for the increasing scarcity of flat-fish in Blakeney Harbour. The matter came to a head when, on Feb. 11, a conference was held in Norwich, under the chairmanship of Mr. J. A. Christie, M.P., between delegates from the fishermen, a representative of the Trust, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, and of the Norfolk Wild Birds Protection Committee. After a long discussion it was agreed:

"That it is desirable that an investigation be

and one of the fishermen have been appointed to collect the necessary data, and to present a report before the end of the year. However much we may deplore it, this investigation will entail the shooting

colony are found to take any appreciable number of young "flat-fish." On the contrary, it may well turn out that these birds are the friends, rather than the enemies, of the fishermen, since they may be found to feed much more largely on the enemies of the flat-fish.

Again, it has yet to be proved that young flat-fish, small enough to serve as food for terns, are found in this area in any considerable numbers during the summer months. These fishes resort to deep water—from ten to thirty fathoms, for spawning, which takes place during January, February, and March.

From the time of hatching, the young fish begin to make for shallower water, and by the time they reach the shore they are between two and three inches long, when, one would have supposed, they were too large to be tackled by birds with such narrow mouths as terns. Further, at this period, such fish would be spending most of their time lying on the bottom, and thus out of reach. But this, of course, remains to be seen.

While this investigation is going on, it is to be hoped that a special effort will be made to discover whether there is not some other cause to account for the persistent decrease in the numbers of the "flat-fish" in Blakeney Harbour, of which the fishermen complain. It is more than probable that the birds will be acquitted of the charge preferred against them. Some steps must be taken to discover the extent of the mortality among these fish caused by the fishermen themselves, who take incredible numbers in their nets while "shrimping," very few of which are ever returned to the sea alive.

Some attempt must be made to discover possible sources of contamination of the water within the harbour, and of the dispersal of this at ebb-tide. We must investigate not merely the food of the terns, but of the flat-fishes as well. It may well be that their decline in numbers is due to a decline in their food-supply, or, what is also possible, an increase in the numbers of their enemies other than birds.

Finally, and this is really important, an effort must be made to arouse an interest among the fishermen in the birds by which they are surrounded. Not a little of the agitation against

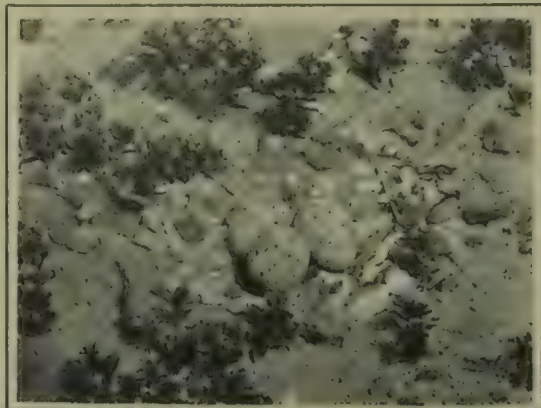
these terns is due to soreness at the suppression of what the men regarded as their ancient right to collect their eggs. If we can but get them to look with new eyes on the subject of bird protection, we should find in them zealous allies, instead of irritated onlookers on a scheme in which they can see no reason. We must



CHASED BY THE ARCTIC (OR RICHARDSON'S) SKUA, TO MAKE THEM DROP THEIR FOOD: ARCTIC TERNS.

"The Skua gulls live largely after the manner of pirates, chasing other birds till, in their efforts to escape, they drop the food they have just captured. Only a few pairs of this species of tern breed in the Blakeney colony."—[From a Painting by G. E. Lodge.]

of a reasonable number of birds and the killing of a certain number of nestlings for the purpose of discovering the precise character of the levy which these birds take of the fish in this area. It is obvious



COMMONLY LAID ON BARE SAND, OCCASIONALLY WITH HIGHLY PROTECTIVE COLORATION: NESTLINGS IN A RUDE NEST: EGGS OF THE LITTLE TERN.

"Nestlings of the Common Tern, as with all the terns, are mottled with black, forming a pattern by disintegration of longitudinal stripes. This coloration is highly protective, making the youngsters exceedingly difficult to discover."



that no other course was possible. The matter must be settled once for all, for it concerns not merely the terns of this particular colony.

It is devoutly to be hoped that this investigation will be very thorough; so that, when all is over, we shall know whether the several species display any predilection for any particular species of fish, or whether other prey, such as crustacea, makes up any appreciable item in their diet. It is to be remembered that the terns have a quite peculiar method of feeding—darting on their victims from a height, and seizing them with a plunge which half submerges the body. Hence only fishes swimming at, or near, the surface can be taken. The Common Tern is said to feed, for the most part, on small fish—young herrings, whiting, coal-fish, codling, sand-eels, plaice, lump-suckers, and the fifteen-spined stickleback; also insects, such as beetles, dragon-flies, and crane-flies; and crustacea such as shrimps and sand-hoppers.

The Sandwich Tern, the largest of our native terns, plunges from a greater height than any other species, and remains submerged longer. Young herrings up to 5 inches in length are

said to be taken. Of course, the character of the diet varies with the locality of the colony. Such as are located in salt marshes will eat more insects than would be the case with colonies on shingle banks. It will be a matter for surprise if the birds of the Blakeney



THE LARGEST OF OUR NATIVE TERNS, ACCUSED BY BLAKENEY FISHERMEN OF CAUSING SCARCITY OF FLAT-FISH: A LITTLE COLONY OF SANDWICH TERNS, FEEDING ON SAND EELS.

"These birds plunge from a greater height, and to a greater depth, than the other terns, and feed largely on 'sand-eels.'"—[From a Painting by A. W. Seaby.]

strive to arouse their interest in the life-histories of these "Sea-swallows," as they have been so aptly called. "Our" point of view has never occurred to them. It should not be difficult to make ready converts.



SHOWING THE MALE BIRD'S CURIOUS ATTITUDE AFTER FEEDING HIS MATE: LITTLE TERNS—THE SMALLEST OF OUR SPECIES. "The Little Tern is the smallest of our terns. Unlike the Black-headed Gulls, the terns retain their black crowns throughout the year. Note the strange posture of the male, after feeding his mate."

made, throughout the breeding season of 1925, into the nature of the food taken by the terns from the time of their arrival in the spring until their departure in the autumn."

Professor Oliver, representing the National Trust,

THE EARLIEST ROYAL STATUE FOUND *IN SITU*: A PHARAOH OF 5000 B.C.

THE FIRST STATUE OF THE THIRD DYNASTY EVER FOUND IN POSITION: THE FIGURE OF ZOSER, AT SAKKARA.



SHOWING THE EYE-SOCKETS FROM WHICH THE ROCK-CRYSTAL EYES HAVE DISAPPEARED: THE UPPER PART OF THE STATUE OF ZOSER.



BEARING THE NAME OF ZOSER ON THE FRONT OF THE BASE: THE FIRST STATUE OF THAT KING EVER DISCOVERED.



SHOWING THE STATUE OF KING ZOSER (BACK VIEW) IN ITS CHAMBER IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND: THE EXCAVATIONS AT SAKKARA, WHERE THE OLDEST STONE BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD, ERECTED FOR HIM, WERE RECENTLY DISCOVERED.

Another discovery of very great interest has been made at Sakkara (out in the desert some fifteen miles south-west of Cairo) where stands the famous Step Pyramid of Zoser, the oldest of all the Pyramids of Egypt. During excavations by the Egyptian Service of Antiquities there last autumn were found, at the base of the pyramid, some stone chapels which proved to be the oldest stone buildings in Egypt and therefore probably in the world. They were illustrated in our issue of October 4, and again, with an article, in that of October 18. These chapels were built for King Zoser, a Pharaoh of the Third Dynasty, who reigned (according to some authorities) about 5000 B.C. (some 3500 years before Tutankhamen), and, as Manetho records, was the first King of Egypt to build

"a house of hewn stone." The new discovery (illustrated above) is that of a life-size statue of Zoser himself, wrought in grey limestone, and inscribed on the base with his name as "King of Upper and Lower Egypt. Favourite of the two goddesses, Neter Khet (divine of body) and Ra-nubti (golden sun)." The statue, which was contained in a small stone chamber, as shown in the lower photograph, is the first statue of the Third Dynasty (some 7000 years ago) ever found in its original position, and also the first statue of Zoser that has ever come to light. It is in a good state of preservation, though the head is slightly chipped, and the rock-crystal eyes have gone. The figure wears the sacred wig covered with the Nomes head-dress.

LONDON'S WINTER VISITORS: REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF SEAGULLS.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. H. HALL.



A FOOD QUEUE ON THE EMBANKMENT: A BEVY OF BLACK-HEADED GULLS PICKING UP BITS OF CHEESE FROM THE TOP OF THE PARAPET.



AN EASY WINNER: A BLACK-HEADED GULL CARRYING OFF A PRIZE FROM THE PARAPET OF THE EMBANKMENT, MUCH TO THE DISGUST OF HIS COMPETITORS.



"CROSS WORDS!" A NECK-AND-NECK RACE BETWEEN TWO BLACK-HEADED GULLS FLYING OVER THE THAMES, READY TO CATCH FOOD THROWN TO THEM IN THE AIR, OR PICK IT OFF THE PARAPET.



STANDING ON THE PARAPET TO EAT CHEESE: A BLACK-HEADED GULL, ALREADY SHOWING THE DARK CHOCOLATE HEAD-FEATHERS, WITH ANOTHER HOVERING BY.

"There are few prettier sights in London during the winter," writes Mr. A. H. Hall, who took these excellent photographs at 1000th of a second exposure, "than to watch the workers in the vicinity of the Embankment and St. James's Park feeding the black-headed gulls (*Larus ridibundus*) with scraps of bread. The birds get an easy living, and have become so bold that, in cold weather, they will readily take food from the hands, and their dexterity in catching and the amazing postures they assume are a never-ending source of amusement. They prefer cheese or bacon rind, however, to anything less messy than fish or raw meat, and will

occasionally brush the faces of those providing these dainties in their anxiety to get the food; those which are unsuccessful hover overhead, screaming with disappointment. When they leave the Thames, as they usually do by the end of March, for their nesting haunts, at Scoulton Mere in Norfolk, at various places in Lancashire, and further North, most of the adult birds will have assumed their breeding plumage. Some of them are already showing the dark chocolate head-feathers from which they get their name." On page 339 appears a drawing of seagulls in Kensington Gardens being fed by children sailing their boats on the Round Pond.

THE SEAGULL'S WINTER QUARTERS: VISITORS AT THE ROUND POND.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER.



SEAGULLS IN A LONDON PARK: FEEDING FROM THE HANDS OF CHILDREN SAILING BOATS ON THE ROUND POND—
A TYPICAL WINTER SCENE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Every winter, the seagulls come up the Thames in great numbers, and make their winter quarters in and about London. Many are always to be seen at this time of year along the Embankment, swooping and turning in ceaseless gyrations on the look-out for food, as illustrated on page 338. In Kensington Gardens they circle over the Round Pond, or settle on the water. The novelty of their appearance and the memories of the seaside which they recall win them favour with the little boys and girls who have gathered round the pond to sail boats.

The seagulls will catch a dainty morsel thrown to them in the air as they wheel by, or will sometimes hover for a moment to take it out of the hand that holds it. There is something symbolic and appropriate in this friendship between the children of a seafaring race and the migrant birds of the ocean, whose plaintive note conjures up visions of tossing waves and misty headlands. They serve to remind us that, wherever we go in England, we are never too far inland to forget the call of the sea.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

HOME LIFE OF EXILED ROYAL CHILDREN: A DAY WITH THE YOUNG KING OF HUNGARY AND HIS SEVEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

By BERT GARAI.

LEQUITTIO, a small fishing town of 5000 inhabitants, an hour's journey from San Sebastian, the famous Spanish seaside resort on the Bay of Biscay, is very proud of itself to-day. On learning the pathetic predicament of the ex-Empress Zita of Austria-Hungary—a royal widow with eight young children, practically homeless and penniless—the people of Lequittio at once offered her hospitality, and some two years ago presented her with a villa bought by public subscription. The ex-Empress had gone to Spain with her children after the death of her husband, the ex-Emperor Karl, in Madeira, and for a time they were guests of King Alfonso, at El Pardo, near Madrid, one of his residences, where the youngest child, Archduchess Elizabeth Charlotte, was born after her father's death.

The ex-Empress has since been living in quiet retirement at Lequittio, devoting herself to the upbringing of her children. No newspaper men had been allowed near her, but I was confident that she would be influenced by the fact that the King and Queen of Spain had received us (myself and a Press photographer) a few days before. Unfortunately, she herself was very ill in bed, but I explained to Count Westfalen that I would like to spend some time with the royal children (especially the eldest boy, who is acknowledged by some of the Hungarians as their King), in order to study their manners and ways of living, and to take photographs. Through her Lady-in-Waiting, Countess G., her Majesty was pleased to give me all facilities. She was most anxious that I should see the young Emperor "as he is, and give a true description of his life." Ex-Empress Zita has been rather amazed at the false stories constantly appearing in the Press regarding the military upbringing of the children, their brusque manners, their anti-French attitude, and so on. She therefore gave her permission, for the first time, to mingle with them without any supervision.

Count Westfalen and Count Degenfeld, the tutor of "His Majesty the Emperor," as the young lad of thirteen is called by everyone of the household, led the way into the garden, which faces the sea, the sandy beach, and the mountain island. Here we found the royal children at play. After we had stood watching them for a few moments, unnoticed by them, another boy appeared on the terrace, and greeted me with a nicely spoken "*Bon jour*." This boy is known as "His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and Apostolic King of Hungary." He is a rather heavily built boy, but his face and whole appearance are the picture of perfect health and beauty. He wore a sailor suit with long trousers. His hair was boyish and rather long in front. His eyes were full of intelligence and thought, and I have seldom seen such eyes in a boy of twelve. I at once noticed the tremendous difference between him and his younger brothers and sisters. While the other boys and girls were noisy and full of childish mischief, the youthful King-Emperor remained quiet, and his thoughts were obviously wandering. It was plain that he alone felt the absence of a dearly beloved father, and the agony of his dear mother, living the life of an exiled widow. It was the boy's Hungarian tutor, a Benedictine priest, Jako Blazeitch, who broke his reverie by telling him that I was Hungarian born and still understood Hungarian. His eyes lit up—he had found a friend in me. I could read in his eyes: "Why am I kept here, when millions of Hungarian boys want me to be in their midst, and I would love to be with them?"

We had only had time to take two pictures of his Majesty, one cycling (his favourite pastime) and one standing with his cycle, when a drizzle developed into a steady downpour, and we all had to take shelter inside. We decided, therefore, to photograph them indoors. A large white-walled room was selected for this purpose. It was the nursery of the two youngest children, girls of two and three years old. The room appeared to be a little untidy and evidently was not prepared for us. We soon shifted the furniture, all the children helping and most anxious to be busy and doing something. I noticed above the

two little white cots a picture of their father, also several crucifixes and prayer beads, reminding me that the children were being brought up with an intense Catholic religious feeling.

The children were told to bring some toys and enjoy themselves at play without taking any notice of us. Count Degenfeld and Countess G. appeared

Charlotte running to her nurse and burying her face in her lap, while Count Degenfeld strictly asked them to remain quiet.

The photographer had taken one or two poses when the camera fell with a crash. Consequently we bade "good-bye," and arranged to call again the next morning to finish the pictures. The boys and girls shook hands in their turn, strictly observing their ages, and ran out to get ready for another unusual treat. They were invited to take tea with a Hungarian magnate, Count Joseph Karolyi, who recently bought a house at Lequittio. They were two hours late for their tea—a rare happening. The children, especially the eldest boy, King Otto, rise at 7 a.m. every morning. At 7.30 a.m. they attend Mass in the little chapel in the house. At 7.45 a.m., breakfast is served. At 8 a.m. their lessons commence and last until 11 a.m. Young Otto is being taught by Count Degenfeld and Father Blazeitch. He already speaks, besides his German mother-tongue, Hungarian (which he told me is his favourite language). He has a good knowledge of French and Spanish, and is also being taught Croatian and English. Rather too much for a boy of twelve! His favourite lesson is history. Count Degenfeld and Father Blazeitch related that he would spend hours reading the history of his ancestors and of great men all over the world. Naturally, he is most fond of reading the history of Austria-Hungary in its glory.

The other children are taught by Miss Biegel, a daughter of Professor Biegel of Vienna. Luncheon

is served at noon, and after lunch they take half-an-hour's rest, then play, walking, riding, etc., till 3.45 p.m.. Tea is at 4 p.m., and lessons again until 7 p.m., when a light supper is served. From 7 till 8 p.m., they are allowed to spend one hour undisturbed with their mother, and then bed-time for all. On Thursday afternoon they are all free. One of their recreations of which they are very fond is Mah Jong, which they play every evening with their royal mother.

On Monday morning we arrived, and at 11 o'clock the children ran downstairs, just like a noisy little class feeling happy at the end of the lesson. They rushed through the room and grabbed Count Westfalen's hand, dragged him into another room, and started to tease and fight him. They were very vivacious and extremely pretty, with long, girlishly bobbed golden hair, presenting a lovely picture of happy childhood, free from worry. Evidently they were most fond of Count Westfalen, who seemingly enjoyed their teasing, for he ran after them and chased them round the room. They hid behind the curtains, and the room resounded with laughter and shrieks.

The eldest boy, the Emperor, was missing. We found him soon afterwards in the garden taking instructions from Count Degenfeld regarding the pictures we wanted to take. He shook hands, all smiles, and we made first a special close-up of himself. I asked him to laugh, but only just a faint smile appeared. The next photograph was a line-up of them all. We had to gather the children from all over the garden, as some were riding cycles and others playing hide-and-seek. For the last group we asked them to pose with their ponies, and we had to go to the front garden for this purpose. The "Emperor" was sent for his pony. He crossed the road to his stable, and we noticed how the police who were stationed there saluted the boy, who nicely acknowledged the salute. While he was getting the pony, his two younger brothers, Felix and Robert, climbed the iron gate and the railings, and nearly tore their trousers, jumping down rather dirty. A couple of urchins were playing near by, pushing a wooden cart. Archdukes Felix and Robert followed them

with their eyes, which expressed one desire—"How we would like to go and play with them!" The pony was brought in, and we made our last photograph. All the children were sorry that it was the last, especially King Otto. They evidently enjoyed these extra hours. We then bade them good-bye.



KNOWN TO AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LOYALISTS AS EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY: THE ARCHDUKE OTTO, ELDEST SON OF THE LATE EX-EMPEROR KARL AND THE EX-EMPRESS ZITA—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME RECENTLY AT LEQUITTIO, NEAR SAN SEBASTIAN, IN SPAIN.

to be quite strict with them, and, while they were addressed now and then as "Archduke Rudolph," or Felix, or "Archduchess," as the case might be, I noticed the utter lack of etiquette of which we are accustomed to read or see enacted in plays, regarding royalty. To me they seemed no royal children, but simply a large family. Even the eldest



WIDOWED IN 1922, AND NOW LIVING IN RETIREMENT, WITH HER EIGHT CHILDREN, AT LEQUITTIO, NEAR SAN SEBASTIAN: THE EX-EMPRESS ZITA OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

Photographs by Keystone View Co.

one, "the Emperor," did not escape the same treatment, except that he was always addressed as "Majesty," whether in German or Hungarian. The children brought out all kinds of toys and picture-books, and soon there was a little scramble and fight about favourite toys or position. This culminated in the little two-year-old Archduchess Elizabeth

INCLUDING "KING OTTO": THE LATE EX-EMPEROR KARL'S EIGHT CHILDREN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



WITH THEIR BOOKS AND TOYS IN THE NURSERY OF THE TWO YOUNGEST, AT LEQUITTIO: THE EIGHT CHILDREN OF THE LATE EX-EMPEROR KARL OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE EX-EMPRESS ZITA—ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE EXILED ROYAL CHILDREN.



A ROYAL LINE IN EXILE: (L. TO R., IN ORDER OF AGE) "KING" OTTO, THE ARCHDUCHESS ADELAIDE, THE ARCHDUKES ROBERT, FELIX, KARL LUDWIG, AND RUDOLPH, AND THE ARCHDUCHESS CHARLOTTE AND ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE, AT THEIR SPANISH HOME AT LEQUITTIO.

The photographs here reproduced are of unusual interest as being the first, authorised for publication, of the family of the late ex-Emperor Karl of Austria, who was also King of Hungary. His widow, the ex-Empress Zita, is now living in retirement with her eight children—five boys and three girls—at Lequittio, in Spain, as described in the article on the opposite page, which gives an intimate glimpse into the home life of the royal exiles. The eldest son, the Archduke Otto, is known in the household as Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, and is recognised as such by Austro-Hungarian loyalists. He is now an intelligent and handsome boy of twelve, much given to reading

history, and more conscious of his position and that of his mother, as exiles, than are his light-hearted younger brothers and sisters. The figures in the upper group (easily identified from the other) are (from left to right)—seated on the floor in front: the Archduchess Adelaide (born, January 1914), the Archdukes Karl Ludwig (March 1918) and Rudolph (1919), and the Archduchess Elizabeth Charlotte (1922), the youngest. At the back (l. to r.) are the Archdukes Robert (1915), kneeling, and Felix (1916), seated, "King" Otto (born November 20, 1912), seated, and the Archduchess Charlotte (1921) standing beside him.

THE HORSE AS "SITTER" TO THE SCULPTOR: HASELTINE MODELS TO COMPARE WITH SHIRE SHOW LIVING EXHIBITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. HERBERT

HASELTINE, THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN ANIMAL-SCULPTOR.



MODELLED AT THE GREYLING STUD, MORETON PADOX, MORETON MORRELL: MRS. ROBERT EMET'S CHAMPION PERCHERON, RHUM, "A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN."



"IN A VERY BAD TEMPER AND DANGEROUS MOOD": MRS. STANTON'S CHAMPION SHIRE STALLION, HARBRO NULLI SECUNDUS, AT SNELSTON HALL, ASHBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE.



OF A FRENCH BREED OF CART-HORSES, WINNERS OF CHAMPIONSHIPS AT THE ROYAL SHOW: MRS. ROBERT EMET'S PERCHERON MARE, MESSALINE, AND FOAL.



"FULL OF COURAGE AND FIRE AND GENTLE AS A LAMB": MRS. ROBERT EMET'S CHAMPION PERCHERON, RHUM—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MODEL.



"A TYPICAL AND PERFECT SPECIMEN OF A GRAND NATIONAL WINNER": MR. HASELTINE'S CLAY MODEL OF SERGEANT MURPHY (THE WINNER OF THE RACE IN 1923) MADE AT NEWMARKET.



A SUPERB STALLION OF THE SUFFOLK BREED: SUDBOURNE PREMIER, AT THE ESTATE OF THE LATE LORD MANTON, MODELLED WHILE THE HORSE WAS WALKED UP AND DOWN IN THE STABLE YARD, OWING TO THE COLD.

The interest in horses aroused by the Shire Horse Show, just held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington (from February 24 to 27), makes opportune these remarkable clay models by a well-known animal-sculptor, Mr. Herbert Haseltine, whose work is already familiar to our readers. In our issue of April 19 last we illustrated his fine War Memorial statue for the Cavalry Club, entitled "The Empty Saddle," and in that of June 25, 1921, we gave his admirable figures of American polo-players in action. Mr. Haseltine himself served with the American Army in the war, and was one of the first organisers of the camouflage section. His "Field Artillery" group has since been purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg. He has exhibited at the Salon, the Royal Academy, and several international exhibitions, and has executed bronzes for the late King Edward and for King Alfonso. Besides horses, he has modelled cattle, sheep, and pigs. In some notes on the above examples, he says: "The Percherons, although a French breed, have been winning championships at the Royal, and I consider them quite indispensable to be added to the other group of cart-horses. Rhum was a magnificent specimen,

full of courage and fire and, on the other hand, as gentle as a lamb. I was able to take the measurements of his legs and walk all round him without the slightest danger of being kicked. . . . Mrs. Stanton's champion Shire stallion, Harbro Nulli Secundus, was a very magnificent specimen. During the mating season, however, he was in a very bad temper and dangerous mood, and had to have a bluff over his eyes all the time. I was warned to work as quietly as possible, not to talk nor to think of touching him. When the time came to model the eyes, I had to suggest that the bluff be removed. He did not view me with a kindly eye. . . . Sudbourne Premier was superb. It was suggested that the yard was a bit too cold for the horse to stand, so I solved that problem by having him walked up and down—/, however, could not do likewise. . . . Sergeant Murphy I modelled at Newmarket, and I consider him a typical and perfect specimen of a Grand National winner. . . . Some of the models are in plaster of Paris and some in plasticine. They are all unfinished—some of them only begun, in fact, the record of first impressions of the animal, five to ten days' work on each."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

OUR debt to literary America of to-day, and the problem generally of a satisfactory relation between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, has been much in the air of late. Some time ago, in speaking of Mr. Belloc's "The Contrast," I harked back to that other most suggestive book, "Between the Old World and the New," by Signor Guglielmo Ferrero. To that pair of calm international philosophies must now be added a third—not calm, for it reflects the restless young intelligence of to-day, in its most acute and eager reaching out after an ideal to-morrow. It has, however, this much in common with the other two works—that it finds its keynote and leading theme in the contrasts between America and Europe. This vivid little series of impressions, "WEST," by Bryher (Cape; 4s. 6d.), is the record of a passionate pilgrimage from East to West.

The pilgrim, evidently a woman, war-weary and sick of post-war Europe, had been captivated by the newer American literature, and went out to see for herself the country she fancied must be reflected in the works of these writers. She sought, too, escape into the freedom of the wilds. California was to be her Eldorado. The result was part disillusion, part discovery, as always on these adventurous quests.

In New York streets she found no flowers of poetry, but she realised the barbaric "Panic" beauty of the city, which she has described in her staccato prose as excellently as it has yet been caught by any picturesque writer since the late James Huneker realised "the fatally fascinating skyline of Lower Manhattan." She discovered that, while the Eastern-born cannot get the right perspective of Europe until he has seen New York, the new American poets have only achieved originality in the effort to escape from their surroundings. California was utter disillusion—"the Riviera wrong side up," a pandemonium of good-natured "community spirit" (i.e., female inquisitiveness) and movies in the making. A place to flee from, and she fled.

That flight was fortunate for Bryher's readers, for the return journey across the American continent inspired her to a little masterpiece of impressionistic description. In a few touches she has seized and communicated the changes of landscape—the Californian orange farms; through red canyons; across Arizona, "simply space—an immense waste unconscious of one's thoughts"; the monotonous wheat belt, with its terrible sense of human isolation; the pressing-in of population as Chicago drew near; and thence once more to New York, with its babble of an uncertain and unsatisfying culture. The party in Greenwich Village is a Transatlantic parallel in microcosm to the more elaborate London literary satire of Miss Dane's "Legend."

On the larger issue, American civilisation as distinct from inevitable minor vagaries of a literary movement still in embryo, this writer has grasped essential truth. "Here was a different civilisation, different gestures, another way of approach. The bird-Indian thinness, the leaf-sharp faces of the girls that passed, could not have been forged under a European sky. It was a loveliness you could not know unless you had been over. The signs flashing out, the too-clear stars, were hieroglyphics of a thought not one's thought. Beautiful, brutal, incredibly destructive." No one who has come under the spell of New York by night and day but will acknowledge the justice of Bryher's emotion, the accuracy of her impression in her last vision of the city, before she turned again Eastward to "Europe, ready for rediscovery."

Many subtly etched characters, types for the most part of the ultra-literary American, new and slightly antique, flit across the scene. They are presented with humour and satire; their creator leaves them to condemn or commend themselves and their theories out of their own mouths. Some of them make comments on the present state of British literary criticism which afford most salutary reading to a reviewer who is inclined to uphold the romantic tradition, in its essence, as a thing unchangeable. I am not sure that certain of Bryher's people have converted me to the horrors of Victorianism. It is of their essence, however, that they should have their fling at the abandoned period and all its works. Nor is the other part left unheard.

The Romantic Tradition, in spite of shrewd knocks, has a resilient vitality that defeats its critics. Of this we have recently had an amusing example. A novel, written, it was said, as a deliberate exposure of the romantic tradition, attracted a good deal of notice on that account, and the author found a further opportunity of pursuing her subject in the *Evening Standard*. There, in an article entitled "Putting Love in Its Place," Mrs. Beatrice Kean

Seymour endeavoured to show that Byron's gnomic saying—

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence,

no longer holds good. The "woman movement," we are informed, has discounted it. "We have," says Mrs. Kean Seymour, "changed all that. The extraordinary thing, however, is that the psychologists and novelists have not changed at all; that they continue to present woman as though she were still the creature of yesterday and the day before yesterday."

This novelist, it seemed, knew better. She was not one to yield to any such deplorable fallacy. According to current talk, she had dealt the romantic tradition a blow from which it was not likely to recover. "Marry!" cried I, in my old-fashioned way, "this is somewhat! Let me read the dear lady's novel at once, and learn how the new leaven works in womankind." But, as I read, the thrill I had expected delayed its coming. The attack seemed to be delivered in part against the wrong position, a so-called romantic tradition that is unworthy of the name—the works and wiles of the merely parasitic woman, to whom love is a commodity of the market-place. There is another "romantic," but she is merely a stupid visionary. Thus far, disappointment.

Then a strange thing happened, and the expected

thinking. She says Eve has changed. But has she? When this novelist sets out to reason (like a cultivated, progressive woman) on romanticism she comes to grief, but all the time her intuitional self was creating an Eve outwardly perhaps of the new model, but inwardly as old as the first of her sex. Adela Stokes's narrative (she was, mark you, a novelist by profession), centred as it is on the romance of her life, recalls that letter of John Alden's where the treacherous pen sang and shouted the name of Priscilla. When Mrs. Kean Seymour complains that, while women have changed, "the psychologists and novelists have not changed at all," she herself, willy nilly, takes a bench in that backward galley. For the next fifty years she would forbid men to make another axiomatic statement about women. It will not be necessary. She has shown, in spite of her theorising, that Byron's old axiom is still axiomatic—a self-evident proposition requiring no proof.

That the novelists have not changed is sufficiently evident from five other new books. These are obstinately romantic in their essence, even where they hob-nob with realism. It looks, in fact, as if the romantic line on the chart of fiction (one must be scientific nowadays) had taken an upward curve. I have made in these recent days the acquaintance of another woman who might be called a severely practical person, and who never lost sight of her first dream even when that came to nothing. She could assert with a gallant assumption of modern unsentimentality, "My youthful romance refused to be life-long and left me extremely unromantic." But she added, with delightful self-revelation, "There can't be a bigger defeat for a woman than that." Once more an indication (unwitting, perhaps, but significant) that this affair is "woman's whole existence." Mary Conyers, the heroine of Mrs. Hicks Beach's novel, "BLACKMARSTON" (Constable; 7s. 6d.), had many interests: she was a woman of affairs, a City merchant and a great landowner, whose cheated passion merely took another form, that of vicarious motherhood of her heritage and care for the fitting continuance (although not through herself) of the Conyers line. And even then, although her first man was hopeless and a disappointment, she could still dream of a mate whose attributes and qualities she had visualised. The book has much more in it than this, and I advise you to read "Blackmarston"—one of the best and most original family histories in recent fiction. Mary Conyers, that incorrigible romantic, is a fine character study, a real creation, and the people about her—a great company—are real also.

It is a story of the landed classes, their virtues and their prejudices, under the reactions of the pre-war and post-war world. These prejudices, in the narrower concern of mere pride of birth and the non-intrusion view of suitable marriage for daughters, has given one of the young moderns a cue

for a novel that, as far as its actual theme is concerned, will be voted frankly old-fashioned. The sophisticated may raise a supercilious eyebrow and ask what has persuaded Mr. Michael Sadleir, of all writers, to pass by hot and heady sinfulness, and to tell once more, in clean simplicity, the old tale of the Squire's daughter and the detrimental. But in "THE NOBLEST FRAILTY" (Constable; 7s. 6d.), Mr. Sadleir is justified of his appeal to romantic passion, and his creation of a heroine who, although sufficiently of the present day to be a rebel against the institution of aristocracy, had no "feminist" preoccupations. Catherine, younger daughter of Sir Harry Ormond of Fleddon Park, found in romantic love for the local veterinary surgeon a sufficient end and fulfilment of existence. Her romance begot romance of a very moving and agitating kind—descending even to primitive cudgelling and bloodshed.

One goes into queer, but not unrelievedly objectionable, company in another new book by a realist, who cannot escape the romantic. This is Mr. George Blake's study of Glasgow Communism, "THE WILD MEN" (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.), which I have read with great enjoyment. I pass over a serious derangement of the time unities, which carries us eighteen years forward from the Great War, to praise the characterisation, notably the figure of Belle Baxter, a true and telling portrait of a humble Scotswoman who is, in her lowly sphere, a great lady. What the potent, grave, and reverend seigniors of the Second City in the Empire will say about one grimly humorous, non-Prohibition scene in their august Council Chamber, I do not inquire. Mr. Blake can settle that with them. He may have data. His Glasgow topography and neighbouring landscape is at any rate splendid. And once again Mr. Blake, that stern realist, scores in his presentation of young romantic love, the be-all and the end-all of life for his luckless young hero and heroine. It seems as if their little drama were not yet fully played out. Perhaps Mr. Blake has more to tell us about them.



THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN ANIMAL-SCULPTOR WHOSE WORK IS ILLUSTRATED IN THIS NUMBER: MR. HERBERT HASELTINE, WITH HIS MODEL OF ONE OF THE KING'S HORSES.

On a double-page in this number, and on the front page, we illustrate the remarkable clay models of horses made by Mr. Herbert Haseltine, the well-known American animal-sculptor. They form part of a set of thirty figures of British champion animals (including also cattle, sheep, and pigs), which he is preparing for an exhibition to be held in London next autumn. The model on which he is seen at work above is that of the King's champion Shire stallion, "Field-Marshal V." Mr. Haseltine points out that the models illustrated are unfinished. Some details of his career and previous work are given in the note on our double-page.—[Photograph by Topical.]

thrill arrived in a quite unexpected way. For the story is told by another and very different kind of woman, who, consciously or unconsciously, betrays herself to the old tradition. This amiable, intelligent, and delightful creature, a modern of moderns, loved, hopelessly but irrevocably, and every line she writes gives implicit proof that to her love was indeed "woman's whole existence." Byron could not have a better vindication. This frustrated but unembittered spinster is still faithful to her lost lover, and when he died she devoted herself to his children. In that legacy of love her life still centred. Her flame was not to be quenched even by death.

But for Mrs. Kean Seymour's newspaper article, I would have supposed that she had devised a master-stroke of quiet irony in her presentation of Adela Stokes. As it is, I can now only believe that she did not see where her own creation was leading her. It is not the first time that Eros denied has taken the form of Nemesis. It is a plaguey way the boy has, and beyond doubt he learned the trick from his mother. It is a pity, I think, that so much has been made of "THE ROMANTIC TRADITION" (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.) as an onslaught on romanticism. That is the least satisfactory part of the novel. Had it not been so loudly insisted upon, the author might have escaped temptation to elaborate her theories in an article that makes us doubt whether she saw the real inwardness of Adela Stokes. Consciously or not, however, Mrs. Kean Seymour, while girding at pinchbeck romanticists, has created a true and memorable romantic whom she herself loves. Yet she can write, "The feminine tradition of love, which at source is the masculine tradition of love, is definitely on the wane—an inevitable result of woman's more normal development."

This, one hopes, is true of her wretched Sophie, the parasite; but to take that frail unfortunate, or even virtuous Enid Armfield, blind in her bigotry, as typical romantics, is only another example of Mrs. Seymour's confused

REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME: A RARE EXAMPLE OF VERMEER.

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"A TOUR DE FORCE OF GOLDEN LIGHT": A LITTLE-KNOWN PICTURE BY THE GREAT DUTCH MASTER, VERMEER OF DELFT, SOME OF WHOSE WORKS HAVE FETCHED FROM £30,000 TO £50,000. (DIMENSIONS, 44½ BY 31½ INCHES.)

The work of Vermeer of Delft, the Dutch painter, of whom there are less than forty authenticated examples (as against some 900 Rembrandts) has risen enormously in value of late years, and some of his pictures have realised from £30,000 to £40,000. In our issue of November 15 last we illustrated a portrait newly ascribed to Vermeer through the discovery of fresh evidence. Of the above painting, Mr. Sabin, the owner, writes: "It is an early work in

which Vermeer still shows the influence of his master, Karel Fabritius. The picture is signed in full and is accepted as an authentic work by eminent critics. The background is a *tour de force* of golden light." The subject is a sportsman handling his gun at an open window, on the sill of which lies part of his sumptuous costume. The picture formerly belonged to the late Dr. T. H. Dickson, of Henley, whose father acquired it about 1863.

WHEN THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM DID NOT EXIST: ST. JAMES'S PALACE AND PALL MALL IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

REPRODUCED FROM THE PAINTING BY SAMUEL SCOTT, BY COURTESY OF ITS PRESENT OWNER, THE RT. HON. LORD STANLEY, M.C. (COPYRIGHT.)



A GOLDEN AGE FOR THE PEDESTRIAN, WHEN TRAFFIC CONGESTION WAS UNKNOWN, IN LONDON OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: "ST. JAMES'S PALACE," BY SAMUEL SCOTT—NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF LORD STANLEY, AND LENT BY HIM LAST YEAR TO THE PALACE OF ARTS AT WEMBLEY.

This fine old picture of St. James's Palace (on the right), Marlborough House and its chapel (centre), and Pall Mall (left background), is of interest not only as a record of eighteenth-century costume, vehicles, and military uniform, but from the striking contrast it affords to the modern problem of traffic congestion that is now so urgent in London. The painting, which we reproduce by courtesy of its owner, Lord Stanley, was shown last year, on loan from him, in the Palace of Arts at the British Empire Exhibition. It is the work of Samuel Scott (1710-72), an English painter born in London, who was well known for his topographical views and sea pieces. He was a friend of Hogarth, and formed one of the famous water party to Gravesend in 1732. Two of his works—"Old London Bridge" and "Old Westminster Bridge"—are in the National Gallery. Another, entitled "A View of the Tower of London on the King's Birthday,"

was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1771. St. James's Palace, which since 1919 has been occupied by the Prince of Wales, was begun in 1532 by Henry VIII, but was forsaken for Whitehall, and did not become the official royal residence until the reign of William III. Several Sovereigns, however, lived there from time to time, including Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Mary; and Charles I. attended service in the Chapel before his execution. George III. was married there, in 1761, and George IV. was born in the palace the following year. In 1809 the east wing was burnt down, and all that now remains of the original building comprises the Gateway, the Chapel Royal, and the Presence Chamber. Marlborough House, now the home of Queen Alexandra, was built by Wren in 1709 for the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.



J. R. Alegre

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FROM THE STRIKING POSTER NOW APPEARING ON THE HOARDINGS

When Malta was Part of the Eur-African Land-Bridge :

A PREHISTORIC BIG-GAME DRIVE.

By SIR ARTHUR KEITH, F.R.S., M.D., F.R.C.S., LL.D., Conservator of the Museum and Hunterian Professor, Royal College of Surgeons, Secretary of the Royal Institution, Author of "The Antiquity of Man," etc.

THOSE who examine Mr. Forestier's spirited reproduction (See pages 350-351) of a hunting scene in Ancient Malta—Malta when it formed part of the land bridge which united Europe to Africa—will at once ask, How much is fact and how much imagination? In this brief article I shall seek to answer these questions.

The locality chosen for the drawing is a reality—it is a rocky ravine, the dry bed of a stream in the south-eastern corner of Malta. In Mr. Forestier's picture the spectator looks down this ravine, or wady, and at a distance of half a mile there is seen not the ample, almost land-locked bay—the Marsa Scirocco—which meets our eye to-day, but a fresh-water lake fringed with semi-tropical vegetation. Here we pass from fact to inference, but it is a legitimate inference, for that Malta stood at one time 2000 feet higher above the sea than it now does and formed part of the great Eur-African land-bridge is a proved and accepted geological fact. And when the contour of the surrounding floor of the Mediterranean is noted, it is seen that the present salt-sea bay of Marsa Scirocco must have been a fresh-water lake, and that the stream which drained this lake must have flowed southwards to empty its waters into a sea or lake which stretched across almost the whole width of the land-bridge.

That the ravine or wady in which the battue of elephants is depicted is of very early Pleistocene date we have the most convincing evidence. It is the evidence of the kind provided by caves. On the left side or bank of the ravine is seen the opening of the vast and famous cave of Dalam—Ghar Dalam. The mouth, which is situated 50 feet above the present sea level, leads into a cavernous chamber trending in a north-westerly direction for over 400 feet, and then breaking up into branches which penetrate 300 feet still further. The main cave varies in width from 20 to 60 feet, and from 10 to 18 feet in height, but its most important feature for us is its floor. The deposits in its floor have a depth varying from 16 to 18 feet. Many excavators have explored its floor in recent years—Dr. Thomas Ashby, Professor Zammit, and particularly Dr. G. Despott, Curator of the Natural History Museum, Malta. Their work has been co-ordinated and amplified by Mr. George Sinclair, who has shown that the deposits in the floor of Ghar Dalam represent the accumulation of four different ages.

There is, first, the deepest and oldest stratum of all—a clay, which does not concern us, as it contains no fossil remains: it is sterile. Over it comes a most remarkable bed, stretching from end to end of the floor of the cave, and varying in thickness from 2½ to 3½ feet. It is composed of water-rolled fragments of bones of three extinct species of elephants and two of hippopotami. Somehow or other, thousands upon thousands of these animals had entered Ghar Dalam and left their bones on the floor. We do not know the exact phase of the Pleistocene period when these great mobs of elephants and hippopotami were entombed in the cave—it

is well known. At the famous caves of Grimaldi, near Mentone, the deposits containing the terminal culture of Mousterian man lie over this ancient beach; this places the period of submergence—the period in which the fossil bones in the floor of Ghar Dalam were awash and rolled—at about 25,000 B.C.

battues of wild game, we seem to have a reasonable explanation in sight. At Solutré, a palæolithic station of the Aurignacian period, lying in the valley of the Saône, forty miles north of Lyons, the hunters apparently succeeded in corralling wild horses, for deposits of charred bones of these animals extend over several acres. At Predmost, in Moravia, there are equally extensive deposits of fossil bones of mammoth. When we take these facts into consideration, and observe how favourably the south-eastern corner of ancient Pleistocene Malta lent itself for organised battues, we obtain a feasible explanation of how the Dalam Cave came to be a vast mausoleum for great game in the early days of the land-bridge. It is not difficult to conceive how ancient hunters stampeded herds of wild game, browsing on the shores of the lake, and caused them to make their escape by the ravine leading past the gaping mouth of the cave—then much more ample than now; nor, in supposing that the ancient hunters were capable of heading flying herds towards the mouth of the cave, are we laying too great a strain on their known intelligence.

The ancient hunters portrayed by Mr. Forestier belong to that peculiar species of mankind—the Neanderthal species—which became extinct in Europe at the end of the period of Mousterian culture—a date which may be provisionally fixed at 25,000 B.C. What is his justification for representing the population of the ancient land-bridge as of the Neanderthal species? In the bone breccia of the cave we have found nothing of human workmanship, nor have we seen any certain mark of man's hand on the fossil fragments. My reason for advising him to represent the hunters as Neanderthal men was this. Over the bone breccia comes a stratum of red cave earth, some six or seven feet in depth; it was deposited when the elevation of the land-bridge had again set in, and when representatives of a later kind of elephant, hippopotamus, and stag made their appearance on it. Embedded in the red cave earth of the

floor of the cave, fossil remains of these animals occur, and with them has been found a trace—a most unmistakable one—of Neanderthal man in the form of two of his upper molar teeth. Later-day Neanderthal man had molar teeth of a most distinctive kind. These teeth were unearthed by Dr. G. Despott in 1917, and they were sent home to me so that I might make a very thorough examination of them. The result of this examination has been to convince me that there can be no doubt of their being those of Neanderthal man, and that this species of mankind occupied the great land-bridge in its second elevation. We know that a primitive form of Neanderthal man was already established in Europe at the earliest phase of the Pleistocene period. We have definite evidence of the existence

of an allied species in ancient Africa; it was a consideration of all these facts which led me to advise Mr. Forestier to depict the ancient hunters of the older land-bridge as of the Neanderthal species.

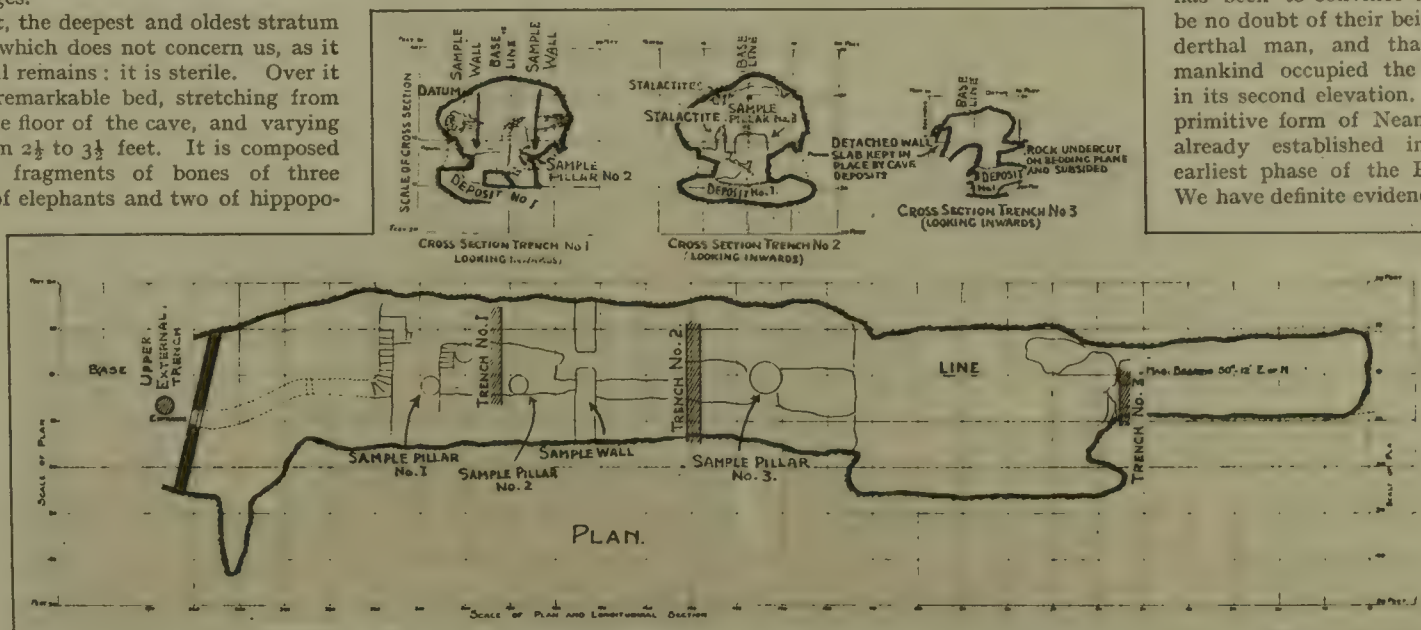
I know very well that my orthodox and strictly scientific colleagues will hold that Mr. Forestier's drawing represents a hypothesis which far outruns legitimate bounds. With this attitude I disagree. Exploration of this important cave in Malta has yielded us an abundant harvest of facts; we have to explain them and to correlate them with the discoveries made in the caves of Europe and of Africa. And when this is done there will be found an abundant justification for the liberty which Mr. Forestier has given to his pencil.



EXPLAINING THE PRESENCE OF ELEPHANT AND HIPPOPOTAMUS BONES IN A MALTESE CAVERN: A MAP OF THE PREHISTORIC EUR-AFRICAN LAND BRIDGE AT ITS MAXIMUM ELEVATION (3600 FT.), INCLUDING SICILY AND MALTA AND A GREAT SALT LAKE.

From a Map Prepared by Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S.

In the period of submergence, when the fossil bones in Ghar Dalam were subjected to sea action and pounded into their present state, the land-bridge had long since disappeared; Malta must have been reduced to a small island and its fauna reduced or extinguished. The time at which the herds and droves of great mammals entered the cave must thus go back to the time of the land-bridge, when the Marsa Scirocco was



SHOWING THE ENTRANCE (LEFT) AND TRENCHES WHERE ELEPHANT AND HIPPOPOTAMUS BONES WERE FOUND: A GROUND PLAN OF THE DHAR DALAM CAVE IN MALTA, AND (ABOVE) CROSS SECTIONS OF THE THREE TRENCHES (LOOKING INWARDS).

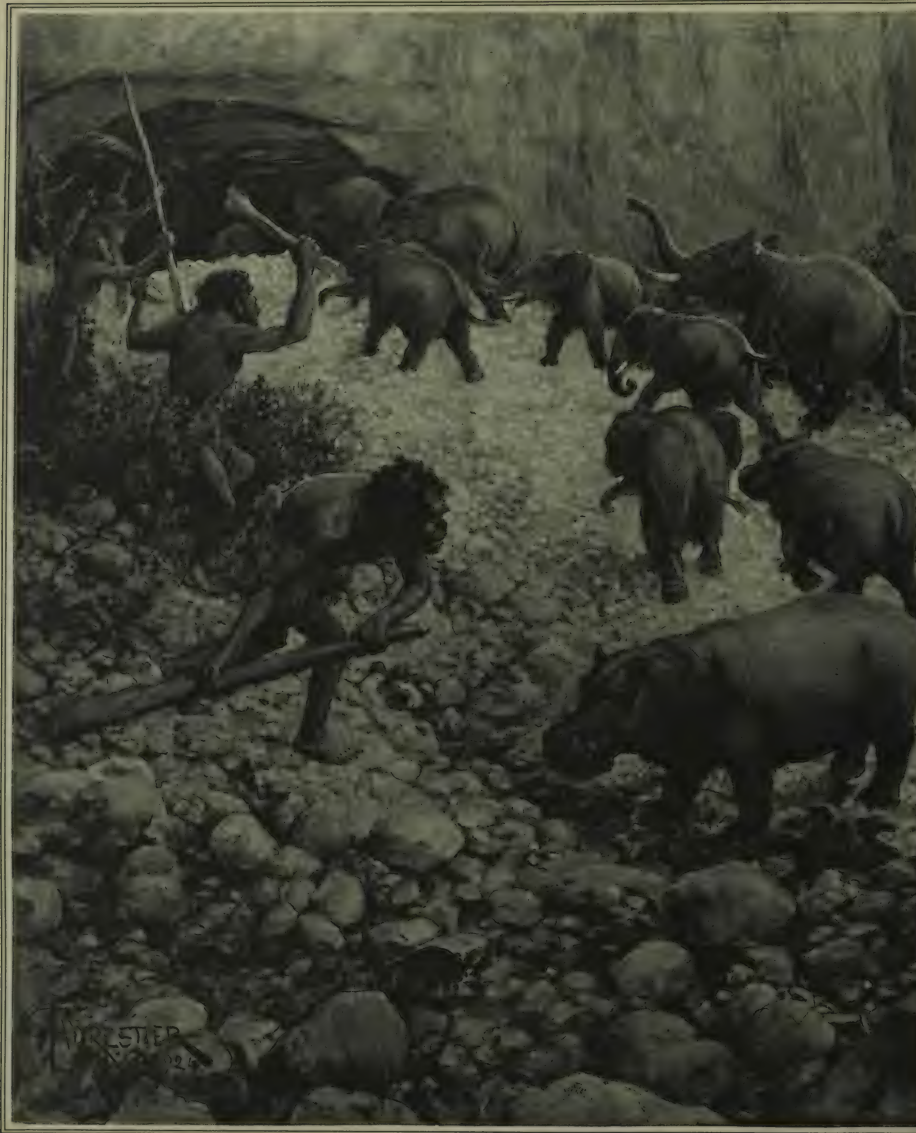
From a Plan Prepared by Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S.

a fresh-water lake and had herds of elephants and hippopotami browsing on its flat shores. But what circumstances compelled or induced these ancient forms of elephant and hippopotamus to enter the cave and die in such numbers?

When we take into consideration the fact that men of the Aurignacian period—the successors of Mousterian man—organised in France and in that part of Europe which is now Czecho-Slovakia great

WHEN EUROPE AND AFRICA WERE UNITED BY A LAND-BRIDGE,

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL

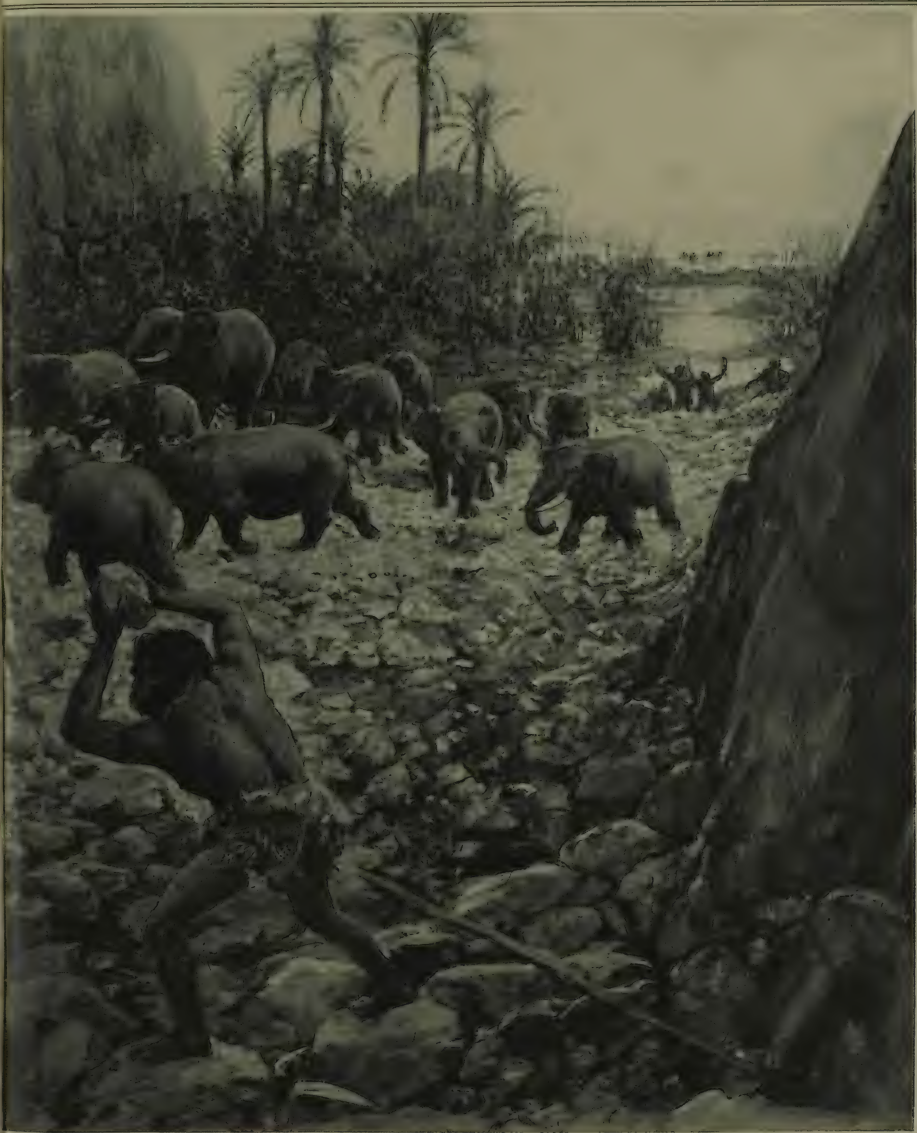


NEANDERTHAL MEN STAMPEDING ELEPHANTS AND "HIPPOS" INTO A CAVE IN MALTA.

This remarkably interesting reconstruction drawing of an incident in the life of prehistoric man in Malta, which once formed part of a great land-bridge connecting Europe with Africa, gives pictorial expression to a theory propounded by Sir Arthur Keith, the famous anthropologist, in his article published on page 349 of this number. After explaining geological changes in the locality of the Għar Dalam cave, still existing in a ravine in the south-eastern corner of the island, he goes on to describe the deposits in the cave floor in the light of recent researches. One stratum "is composed of water-rolled fragments of bones of three extinct species of elephants and two of hippopotami. Somehow or other, thousands upon thousands of these animals had entered Għar Dalam and left their bones on the floor." There was a time when the present shore-line of the Mediterranean was submerged 30 ft. below where it now stands, and the period of submergence, in which the fossil bones in the cave were awash and rolled by the sea, is known to have been about 25,000 B.C. The land-bridge had then long since disappeared, leaving Malta a small island, with its fauna reduced or extinguished. It must have been while the

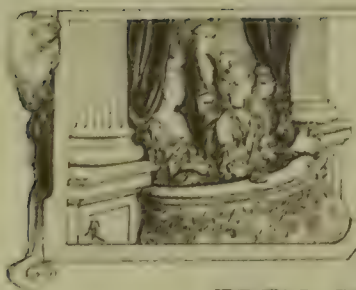
OVER 25,000 YEARS AGO: A PREHISTORIC "KHEDDAH."

SUPPLIED BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH, F.R.S. THE FAMOUS ANTHROPOLOGIST.



THEN PART OF THE GREAT EUR-AFRICAN LAND-BRIDGE: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.

land-bridge still existed that the herds of great mammals entered the cave. But what was it that compelled or induced them to do so? Sir Arthur Keith concludes that the animals were stampeded into the cave by prehistoric hunters. Much the same methods, though more elaborate, are still used in India and adjacent countries to capture wild elephants, by driving them into a *kheddah*, or corral, as witnessed by the Prince of Wales during his Eastern tour, and illustrated several times in this paper. Sir Arthur Keith concludes by explaining why (going beyond "orthodox" scientific opinion) he advised Mr. Forestier to represent the hunters as belonging to the Neanderthal species, which became extinct in Europe about 25,000 B.C. "Over the bone breccia," he writes, "comes a stratum of red cave earth . . . deposited when the elevation of the land-bridge had again set in and when representatives of a later kind of elephant, hippopotamus, and stag made their appearance in it. Embedded in the red cave earth, fossil remains of these animals occur, and with them has been found a trace—a most unmistakable one—of Neanderthal man in the form of two of his upper molar teeth."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S "COMEDY ROYAL."—CYRIL HARCOURT'S LAST PLAY.

CONCERNING this work ("A Comedy Royal"), privately printed, of Eden Phillpotts, to whom we owe "The Farmer's Wife," one of the best comedies of the day (still running merrily at the Court), I am tempted to write an open letter, and head it as follows:

To Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE.

"Doctor, Artist, Friend!

"I still hear the echo of your witching words uttered at the O.P. Banquet in your honour, when you rejoiced that, thanks to the success of 'Saint

then it is a laugh within: outwardly the union of the lovers, by the acclamation of the people in the cathedral, is all solemnity and grandeur. The humour of the situation is there, but it is exalted and wrapped in romance and splendour.

"As it stands in the book, the play is too long. Phillpotts is a minute drawer of character; thus he lingers in detail; he would rather be too explicit, lest his producer should not seize every *finesse*, every tone of light and shade. In plastic representation this *embarras de richesse* can be easily lightened. But, when all is said, the chief, the magnificent

is now being tried in the provinces. It is a very clever piece of work—a satire on Kings and Bolsheviks—which should attract a London manager. Mr. Langhorne Burton (who plays the King with skill and personality) was well advised to try his luck with it. With a little modification of length and a little chastening of the all-too-obvious jesting concerning gout and its sovereign cure, it will prove very amusing. It is almost French in its facility of dialogue as well as in its build; something after the Flers and de Caillavet style, but understandable to English audiences, and in its way quite as brilliant and as saucy as "Le Roi" was before he fell from grace and became a tedious, short-lived "Royal Visitor."

In "Just—a King" there is a pleasant triple idea. Kings are merely men; Bolsheviks cease to be idealists when there is cash in sight. Thirdly, when a king has stuff in him, he need not submit to a marriage of convenience, and he may single-handed fight and vanquish the dragon of rebellion. It would spoil the game to tell more of the plot, which the late Mr. Harcourt has handled with much dexterity and ingenuity. We got merry glimpses of court life; say in Albania when Mprat of Wied was King; of Bolshevenia as it plots and plays in Soho; of newspaper bosses trying to rule countries from Fleet Street desks; of charming shorthand-typing secretaries becoming queens—without knowing it. It is all *blague* and blarney, but funny and written with a pointed pen.

So much for the play. Now for a "find" or two in a capable cast including Miss Mary O'Farrell, Miss Hilda Bruce Potter, Mr. Fred Lewis, and Miss Helen Green, all excellent and known to fame in London. It has been more than once my privilege to discover, at the seaside or in a provincial town, actors who, brought to notice, have done well in the Metropolis. The cast of "Just—a King" revealed no fewer than three such artists, every one of whom was new to me, although for aught I know they may be brave "old stagers." I refer to Messrs. J. J. Bartlett, Arthur Leyland, and Herbert Vyvyan. Mr. Bartlett's great newspaper proprietor was a masterpiece *tout court*—as fine a piece of character acting as can be conceived. So was Mr. Arthur Leyland as the Bolshevik who could destroy kings and kingdoms, yet yield to the temptations of such fortune as "oil wells" would promise. He was the fanatic to the life; the superman of the lower scale, with wandering eyes, distorted mouth, feverish



A FAMOUS REINHARDT PRODUCTION REVIVED UNDER OTHER AUSPICES AT THE COLISEUM: "SUMURUN"—A DRINKING SCENE IN THE SHEIK'S PALACE, WITH NUR-AL-DIN (MR. WALTER RILLA), SUMURUN (MISS MARIA SOLVEG), AND GIRLS OF THE HAREM.

Joan,' the time had now come when you could let your fancy have free rein and allow yourself the luxury of producing plays irrespective of commercial considerations.

"And here is one after your heart, and entirely befitting your manifold gifts. It is called 'A Comedy Royal,' by Eden Phillpotts, and so verily so in the luxury of thought and surroundings that no manager trammelled by box-office considerations would venture on its launching; wherefore, as we have no National Theatre (as yet), the author has had to recur to the liberality of his publisher, Mr. Werner Laurie.

"Yet this play is eminently called to emerge from the comparative 'bushel' of covers to the light of the proscenium. It is complex; it is fastidious; it demands artists histrionic as well as pictorial in all directions, to vitalise its charm and power. But it is perfectlyactable. Let Phillpotts, in his own words, lift the soul of the play from the body of the text—

"The story here submitted, in terms of the modern stage, is not archaic, therefore, but strives to live; for it deals with those eternal problems of love and hate, warfare and welfare, religion and politics, state-craft and counter-craft, that challenge as fiercely to-day as when the Byzantines made a world wonder. No solutions emerge, other than those achieved by vanished shadows from the past, with the aid of a political conscience exactly similar to our own, but fortified by the barbaric omnipotence proper to their time. In their power alone did they differ from our occasional mighty ones, for the ruler spirit changes never, and democracy can only be safe under mediocracy—a fact that great comedies of the future may illuminate.

"I would not despoil this summary by dry-bone narrative of text. Suffice it to say that the canvas is the Byzantine Empire, that the main pivot is the love of a great soldier for a queen who, by the barbarous will of her late husband, has been vowed to perennial widowhood; that she had to fight bad counsellors of much shrewdness and sagacity; that, in obedience to her vow, she had to commit her wooer and friend to prison for the avowal of his love; that her love impelled her to scale the prison wall in disguise; and that at length, by the stratagem of her lover, the deed of sacrifice was annulled and she was free to marry the man who alone was worthy of her partnership.

"Of course there are many ramifications; craft and plotting of Oriental ingenuity run rife throughout the play. The vein of comedy is never turbulent, but rather ironical, as in the *hautes comédies* of the French stage. The real laugh is at the end, when love and fealty triumph over roguery. But even

merit of this regal 'Comedy Royal' is its divine power of expression. It is a festival of language. I bow in deference to such exquisite idiom, to such choice of words, to such distinction of phrasing, such metaphoric splendour. I was carried away as by the chords of the organ when 'Te Deum' jubilates under Gothic arches. May I be forgiven if I exag-



THE PRE-WAR PIONEER OF ORIENTAL STAGE SPECTACLES: "SUMURUN" REVIVED AT THE COLISEUM—THE MAID (MISS KATTA STERNA) DANCING BEFORE SUMURUN (MISS MARIA SOLVEG) AND HER LOVER, NUR-AL-DIN (MR. WALTER RILLA) IN HIS SHOP.

The well-known wordless play with an "Arabian Nights" setting—"Sumurun," which, as produced by Reinhardt, was the artistic sensation of London in 1911, was successfully revived at the Coliseum on February 17 by Mr. Ernst Matray, who himself takes the part of the hunchback. The music is by Mr. Victor Hollander. As before, processions enter the stage through the auditorium, by a raised gangway running from the back of the house. There is a gorgeous profusion of colour in the dressing and scenic effects.

Photographs by the "Times," Taken from the Auditorium during the Performance.

gerate in enthusiasm, but beautiful English holds me spellbound like magic of the East."

Alas, the gifted Cyril Harcourt, the author of "A Pair of Silk Stockings" and "A Place in the Sun," is no longer with us! He died all too young last year at his beloved Mentone, just after the finishing touch to a satirical comedy, "Just—a King," which

movements. He was comic because he was so near reality. Lastly, Mr. Herbert Vyvyan as the old royal servant, who, like the cabby, knows his fare, who has no faith in princes, for he knows all their foibles, yet in his unctuous way never lets them feel that no one is a hero to his valet.

When, I wonder, will my trio have the London chance they deserve?

A LIVE DINOSAUR IN LONDON! A FANTASTIC CONAN DOYLE FILM.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY F. A. JONES.



PREHISTORIC MONSTERS BROUGHT TO LIFE ON THE FILM: THE BEGINNING OF A FIGHT—A SCENE FROM "THE LOST WORLD," BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.



"THE WEAPONS WOULD NOT MAKE A DENT IN A DINOSAUR": THE EXPLORING PARTY OF "THE LOST WORLD" IN A TIGHT CORNER.



AN ESCAPED BRONTOSAURUS CREATES A SENSATION IN THE CITY: THE MONSTER DISLOCATES THE TRAFFIC AT THE BANK AND THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES O'ER AGAIN ON THE FILM: A PAIR OF PREHISTORIC MONSTERS ENGAGED IN MORTAL COMBAT, IN "THE LOST WORLD."



"DRAGONS OF THE PRIME THAT TARE EACH OTHER IN THEIR SLIME" SHOWN IN THE ACT ON THE FILM: ANOTHER TERRIFYING DUEL.

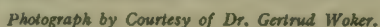
The films have undertaken to show what the dinosaur, whose bones we have often illustrated, was really like in life. At the Astor Theatre in New York, on February 8, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's fantastic story, "The Lost World," was very effectively produced by the First National Pictures, Inc. The story shows how a certain professor, who has been derided in London for asserting that he has found a place, where prehistoric monsters, supposed to be extinct, are still alive, takes out a party of explorers to verify his statement. "Where they are seen," says the "New York Times," "in the supposed habitat of the living dinosauri, brontosauri, and allosauri, there is no end of excitement. . . . There

were the men and a woman like Lilliputians among the great beasts with long necks and tails tearing up trees and pounding their way through forests and swamps. There were several battles between different species." In the last chapter the explorers have returned to London. The professor, to prove his claim, "has brought back with him a brontosaurus 120 ft. long from its nose to the tip of its tail. He receives a message by telephone that the monster's cage was smashed in getting it off the ship and that the beast has escaped. One sees the huge creature plunging through London's thoroughfares." In another scene "the animal breaks down the Tower Bridge and falls into the Thames."

Great interest in the subject of chemical warfare, which vitally affects the future of civilisation, was aroused by Signor Ferrero's article in our issue of Jan. 24, where he mentioned this pamphlet by Dr. Gertrud Woker, of Berne University, published by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Interest has also been stimulated by Mr. J. B. S. Haldane's book, "Callinicus" (dealt with on page 356), a defence of chemical warfare. To quote an official report presented to the League of Nations: "There is one very important aspect of chemical warfare . . . the possible use of poison gas against great cities. . . . Mustard gas, dropped in large quantities, would be likely to hang about and slowly penetrate the houses. . . . To furnish a whole population with gas-masks would seem almost impracticable . . . yet, short of that, no complete protection could be secured. . . . It is essential that all nations should realise the terrible nature of the danger."

My Swedish colleague, Dr. Sahlbom, and myself had the opportunity of being the guests of the Conference of the American Chemical Society, which took place at Washington, in the last week of April 1924, and of visiting this arsenal, where we were able to observe the terrible effects of the different uses of poison gases combined with white phosphorus and a "smoke screen." Two aeroplanes circled above the field and gradually neared the ground. Suddenly they expelled dark-grey clouds that descended and covered everything within range with impenetrable grey. A tank which threw out thick clouds of gas produced a similar effect. Then followed a demonstration

The poisonous gases owe their tremendous powers to their chemical as well as to their physical properties. They have the physical property of liquefying and even solidifying at a given temperature and under a given pressure. This property is common to all gases. Hence they take up only a small space, so that a large quantity of the poisonous material can be introduced into a small projectile. The bursting of the shell does away with the



These compounds are in many cases remarkable in that the mixture contained in the air, the ground, the breath or the skin reacts on them and liberates the deadly hydrocyanic acid, of which the most minute quantities

We have the agonising question before us: "Will this terrible possibility ever become fact?" No dream pictures of an overwrought imagination; no chimeras are these—no, unfortunately, they are only the realities of a future war! Shall humanity in its suicidal folly choose the bridal dress of Kreusa, the Nessus cloak of Hercules, to destroy itself by the most cruel death imaginable? And why should we thus sacrifice ourselves, we who are bound to this wonderful earth by a thousand ties of happiness and joy? Is it so difficult to choose between a hell of poison and fire—in which we may recognise with shuddering horror the quivering, burnt and torn remains of our very selves—and a little humanity, a little common sense—those good angels who beg us firmly to reject that militarism which creates a hell on earth?

THE MOST EXCITING TEST MATCH: THE GREAT GAME AT ADELAIDE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



ON THE PICTURESQUE OVAL AT ADELAIDE, WHERE ENGLAND WAS BEATEN BY ONLY ELEVEN RUNS: SUTCLIFFE BATTING IN THE FIRST INNINGS OF THE THIRD TEST MATCH, BY WINNING WHICH AUSTRALIA TOOK THE "RUBBER."

The English cricket team in Australia improved with each successive Test Match, and won the fourth with an innings to spare. Sutcliffe, who is seen above batting in the first innings of the second match, achieved a personal triumph, and did much of the scoring for England. In the first Test, played at Sydney in December, when Australia won by 193 runs, he contributed 59 and 115. Hobbs and Woolley also made centuries. In the second match, concluded at Melbourne on January 8 with a victory for Australia by 81 runs, Sutcliffe was at the top of his form, making 176 in the first innings (while Hobbs made 154), and another

century (127) in the second. The third Test Match was played on the picturesque Oval at Adelaide, and was finished on January 23. This time England made a great struggle and very nearly won, losing by only 11 runs. Hobbs made the only English century on this occasion. Sutcliffe's scores were 33 in the first innings, and 59 in the second. England won the fourth Test Match at Melbourne, on February 18, by an innings and 29 runs—the first victory over Australia since 1912. Sutcliffe contributed 143. He thus made a total of 712 runs in the four matches, in seven innings—an average of 101 per innings.

The Case for Poison Gas: Wars of Weeping?

"CALLINICUS: A DEFENCE OF CHEMICAL WARFARE." By J. B. S. HALDANE.*

(SEE THE CASE AGAINST POISON GAS ON PAGE 354.)

PRESENTING the case for Chemical Warfare, Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, Sir William Dunn Reader in Biochemistry at the University of Cambridge, argues, briefly, that, as Civilisation decrees that peoples must continue to progress and profiteers contrive to grow rich by ridding the Earth and the Markets of less potent peoples, and, therefore, permits maiming and mortal wounding by shell, shrapnel, bullet, mine, bomb, and bayonet, it should confine itself to that form of combat which is the least cruel and the most effective: the putting out of action and not the putting to death. His battle rules would be: "1. No goggles or other eye-protection shall be worn; 2. No shells shall be used containing any other substance save ethyl iodacetate (or other lachrymatory compound) and a small bursting charge."

The naval side of the matter he ignores, because he is without experience of it. The worthlessness of poisonous gas or smoke on a wide, thinly held front he realises. The employment of the destructive forces of the atom he believes may be possible only after some successor of his has lectured to tourists on the moon! "We cannot make apparatus small enough to disintegrate or fuse atomic nuclei, any more than we can make it large enough to reach to the moon. We can only bombard them with particles of which perhaps one in a million hit, which is like firing keys at a safe-door from a machine-gun a mile away in an attempt to open it. We do occasionally open it, but the process is very uneconomical."

Future wars being accepted as inevitable, he is an eloquent advocate for anything which will impose the will upon the enemy speedily without taking his life or injuring him permanently.

Discussing the new weapons, he divides them into four categories. Of the twenty-five varieties that made 1915-18 memorable and terrible, "first come gases and vapours which are poisonous when breathed, but have no effect on the skin, and affect the eyes or nose only when present in concentrations which are poisonous to the lungs. . . . This group, which included chlorine and phosgene, are probably almost as obsolete as muzzle-loading cannon."

"A second group are poisonous only in very high concentrations, but irritate the eyes when present in amounts so small that one part in five million may render a man blind with weeping in a few seconds"—a temporary disability.

"The third group of poisonous smokes, mostly arsenic compounds, were little developed during the war. They are, however, weapons of very great efficiency. . . . In small amounts, these smokes merely make one sneeze. In somewhat larger amounts they cause pain of the most terrific character in the head and chest. These symptoms are accompanied by the most appalling mental distress and misery. . . .

"The fourth group, of blistering gases, contains only one substance used during the war, dichlorethyl sulphide, or 'mustard gas.'"

Of these, the last—the mustard gas—"caused more casualties to the British than all other chemical weapons put together." It is a liquid "whose vapour is not only poisonous when breathed, but blisters any part of the skin with which it comes into contact even. To take an example, a drop of the liquid was put on a piece of paper and left for five minutes on a man's sleeve. The vapour penetrated his coat and woollen shirt, causing a blister the effects of which lasted six weeks. And yet evaporation is so slow that ground contaminated by the liquid may remain dangerous for a week." A consolation is: "The blisters produced are considerably less dangerous than measles." And there is the fact that "mustard" denies ground not only

to the attacked but to the attacker. It is kept from the lungs by respirators, and it may be found practical to protect troops altogether by encasing them in air-tight overalls and gloves or moving them in "air-tight tanks."

The class including chlorine and phosgene can also be kept out by respirators. The lachrymatories are countered by respirators and goggles. The arsenical compounds, when in the form of smoke, will penetrate any of the war-time respirators, "though the British box-respirator would stop all but a little of them in the concentrations then used." On occasion these caused temporary insanity and suicidal mania amongst those breathing them; yet "within forty-eight hours the large majority had recovered, and practically none became permanent invalids."

Now: gases of the chlorine and phosgene group, although of military value only against surprised, unprotected troops, "probably caused at least 20,000 casualties" to us. "At least a quarter of these died, and that very painfully, in many cases after a struggle for breath lasting several days. On the other hand, those who did not die almost all recovered completely, and the symptoms of the few who became permanent invalids were mainly

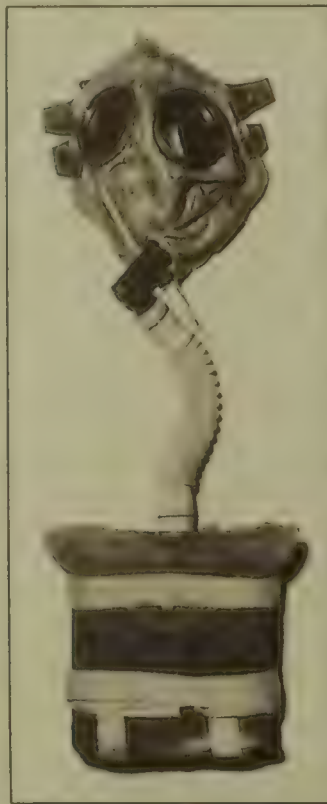
This he would do despite the fact that he is of opinion that in the case of London, for example, high explosives and incendiary bombs dropped by aeroplanes would do more harm than gas bombs. "Houses are far more vulnerable to explosives than earth-works, and do far more damage to their occupants in collapsing, besides being inflammable. And, on the other hand, they contain far more refuges which are nearly gas-proof. A shut room on the first or second floor would be nearly proof against gas released in the neighbourhood if it had not got a lighted fire to drag contaminated air from outside into it. Moreover, civilians could, and would, rapidly evacuate an area which had been heavily soaked with mustard gas, whereas soldiers have to stay on at the risk of their lives."

And be it noted that "on the nights of March 11th to March 14th, 1918, just before the great offensive of March 21st, the Germans fired 150,000 mustard gas shells into the villages, and valleys of the Cambrai salient, an area of about twenty square miles, the same as that of central London. This caused 4500 casualties, of whom only fifty died (all of them because they took off their respirators too soon). The area was not evacuated. In central London, if the population had had gas-masks, the casualties would have been perhaps ten times greater."

In addition, Mr. Haldane provides food for thought in some remarkable notes as to immunity in the case of mustard gas, which is "so adequate a weapon that the attempt will almost certainly be made to use it not merely for making ground untenable for both sides, but for gaining it from the enemy." "One attack of gas-poisoning, whether by the lungs or skin, produces no immunity to a second attack—in fact, it generally increases the sensitivity of the victim. If a vapour is discovered against which immunity can be conferred, it will be the most effective weapon in history as long as its secret is kept. On the other hand, some people are naturally immune. The American Army authorities made a systematic examination of the susceptibility of large numbers of recruits. They found that there was a very resistant class, comprising 20 per cent. of the white men tried, but no less than 80 per cent. of the negroes. This is intelligible, as the symptoms of mustard-gas blistering and sunburn are very similar, and negroes are pretty well immune to sunburn. It looks, therefore, as if, after a slight preliminary test, it should be possible to obtain coloured troops who would all be resistant to mustard-gas blistering in concentrations harmful to most white men. Enough resistant whites are available to officer them."

So much for the past and certain possibilities of the future. There is another point. "It is often asked why chemists cannot produce something which will put our foes comfortably to sleep and allow us to take them prisoners. The answer is that such substances exist, but that in small amounts they are harmless, in large amounts fatal. It is only over a moderate range of concentrations that their effect is merely stupefying. One has only to think of the familiar case of chloroform vapour, and the skill required to give neither too much nor too little."

Thus Mr. Haldane in a book that all should read, for it is as full of debatable ideas as it is of facts. "Until 1915 the soldier's business was to push and throw pieces of metal at the enemy. Various devices had been employed for throwing them fast and far, and some of them threw other pieces on arrival at their destination, thanks, in the main, to the genius of the forgotten Major-General Shrapnel." The future is likely to be the day of the chemist—the successor of that Callinicus who invented "Greek fire." Will Mr. Haldane's rules prevail and lachrymatory gas be, as it were, the "humane-killer" of the world's abattoirs—a weapon that will win battles in which many will be incapacitated but none slain? What says the League of Nations? E. H. G.



GAS-MASKS, BRITISH AND GERMAN: A BRITISH RESPIRATOR FOR THE SPECIAL BRIGADE, R.E. (LEFT); AND A GERMAN BOX RESPIRATOR, IN SECTION.

The official description of these gas-masks is as follows: (1) "Respirator for Special Brigade, R.E. The Special Brigade, R.E., had, amongst other duties, the installing and projection of all forms of gas equipment and gas. This respirator was designed for their use; with the face-piece of the small box respirator and the large canister (with its high order of protection) of the large box respirator." (2) "German box respirator in section. Impervious face-mask, nose-clips, and canister containing granules of charcoal; but no exhalation valve. This gave good protection, but only for a comparatively short time; so that spare canisters had to be carried."

Imperial War Museum Photographs. (Copyrights Reserved.)

nervous." Mr. Haldane regards the type of wound produced by the average shell as, on the whole, more distressing than the pneumonia caused by chlorine and phosgene—and he has had personal experience.

The arsenic compounds are maddening.

The blistering gases are painfully poisonous and penetrating.

The lachrymatories, on the contrary, are mainly irritant to the eyes.

Therefore, eliminate all but the lachrymatories, and do away with guards against these, and you have mere Wars of Weeping, contests to be lost by the less lachrymous!

Until such time as this "ideal" is reached, precautions cannot cease. Mr. Haldane, indeed, urges the provision of protection in every city and town, and special training in the use of such counter-measures. He would instruct not only the fighting-men, but the civilians, even to school-children—for during the early stages of the war certain of our Tommies were so ignorant that they "often removed the respirators from their faces, and tied them round their chests, as it was there that they felt the effects of the gas"; and gases will become more deadly.

* "Callinicus: A Defence of Chemical Warfare." By J. B. S. Haldane, Sir William Dunn Reader in Biochemistry, Cambridge University. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co., Ltd.; 2s. 6d. net.

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Straight from Paris are these attractive two-piece suits, which may be studied at the *Galleries Lafayette*, Regent Street, W. The model on the left is carried out in natural kasha, and the other in blue covert repp and scarlet crêpe-de-Chine. (See page 360.)

OF course, everyone was anxious about the King when the "feverish cold" developed into bronchitis. Whatever it was, it was taken in time, and his Majesty stayed in his rooms. King George is by no means the strong man King Edward was. Of recent years he has been very well and able to enjoy life, which he does, despite hard-worked times and great responsibilities, because everything interests him. At one period he had to live for weeks on a milk diet, and it was his strict adherence to doctor's orders that made him the active, well man he is. At all times he eats very simply, and is in all things moderate. He greatly delighted the late Marchioness of Tweeddale by telling her, when he gave her the D.B.E., that he remembered her kindness to two little sailor boys, himself and his brother, and counted it a special pleasure to decorate so old a friend.

A large number of girls are looking forward to their presentation at Court in May or June. Two will probably be held in each of these months on successive nights, as last season. It is certain that no Court will be held until May. Mrs. Austen Chamberlain will present the ladies of the Corps Diplomatique, and she will have close upon two hundred ladies to do this office for. As they will have the *entrée*, their presentations will come first. Mrs. Chamberlain is going to take her little daughter for a sea voyage in the Easter Recess, and will be back refreshed for her season's social duties. Her "At Homes" on Tuesday afternoons are most pleasant functions—plenty of laughter and talk in her pretty rooms and an atmosphere of enjoyment.

Lady Astor has no use for conventions. At her dinner for the American Ambassador and Mrs. Kellogg before their departure for America there were all the Ambassadors and their wives, a number of our old and newer aristocracy, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Snowden, Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mrs. J. H. Thomas, and Sir James Barrie. It was a complete success, and the guests were greatly pleased to talk over all sorts of important matters in the way of pleasantness. Lady Astor is original in her decorations, and had a real bird's nest in the branches of a tree that reached up to the first floor, where she stood to receive her reception guests. For the rest, the flowers and plants were as if growing.

A wedding is always much more interesting if bride and bridegroom

The World of Women

are young and good to look at. This was so at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Stancioff. She looked lovely, like a lily in her bridal gown of rarely beautiful rose-point lace. Above her fair hair and charming face rose a high, wired-out head-dress, almost halo-shaped, but narrowing behind the ears, of similar lace. The under-dress was of sheath-like white satin, and the veil was of tulle.

She walked up the great length of the Oratory with her mother, who was in chinchilla grey bordered with that lovely fur, and a small black satin-swathed hat with a grey marabout pompon at one side. That mother was certainly not one of those who stand as a threat before a bridegroom of what his bride may become; for she is handsome, elegant, and very intelligent-looking.

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin at "No. Ten," as the Prime Minister's official residence is called for short, is a very capable hostess and a most genial one. The first-floor reception-rooms, consisting of a large double drawing-room and boudoir opening into each other, an ante-room, and a fine oak-panelled dining-room, have all been slightly altered since her return, and very greatly for the better. Millais's fine portrait of Mr. Gladstone is now in the dining-room instead of the big drawing-room. His eyes in the picture, which seemed to be on you wherever you moved, are now more restricted in their roving. The colour of the rooms, a soft ivory, is charming. Mrs. Baldwin makes a delightful home of an official residence, which is a great deal more difficult to do than it sounds. Guests at these afternoon parties do not go into the Cabinet room, which is underneath the dining-room. The frivolous babble of an afternoon party would be incongruous in an apartment in which so much history has been made. Once the Sovereign moved to sit at the Cabinet. A throne stands at the top of the room on a small dais, but Queen Anne was the last Sovereign to use it. Prime Ministers of the long past did not use "No. Ten" as a residence. In these days, when affairs move fast, the chief members of the Government—its head and the Chancellor of the Exchequer—find it useful to be near their work.

If anyone ever went out of life attended by sheaves of real, good, self-denying work, it was Lady Maxwell Lyte, who died quite suddenly. Three days before her death I heard her speak at a meeting at Susan Duchess of Somerset's house in Grosvenor Square in support of what was, perhaps, her favourite good work, although she had several—

the National Association for Aiding the Deaf and Dumb. She mentioned casually that she had written 150 letters asking people she knew to get purses filled to present to Princess Mary when

she opens the new building of the Association at Acton in May next. That she had a hundred answers was some testimony to her influence, also that those answers represented a sum of somewhere about £500. For a lady of seventy-seven to write so many letters herself was something of a feat. It was, however, by no means all she did. Four days before her death I saw her at Mrs. Stanley Baldwin's "At Home," and later the same day at Mrs. Eckstein's musical party. She kept up her social duties that she might the more readily carry out her charitable projects. What would please her greatly, if she knows, would be a large number of purses for Princess Mary on May 5, for her pity for the deaf and dumb was great and sincere, and in their cause she never spared herself, and died in it at last.

Judging from the earlier indications of spring fashion, legs are to be in evidence to the knees. At the moment loose straight coats reach the silk stockings, and no skirt at all is visible. A man noticing some girl exponents of this style said he thought it suitable for paddling in the sea, but for nothing else. On the score of elegance it is certainly not to be commended. It would also seem that we are threatened with very bright-coloured hats, crimson and blue quarterings, green and orange in halves—all sorts of bright hues. Some corrective to the almost universal wearing of black and dark-brown hats is needed, but we want to keep our heads steady and not put them into extremes of colour.

School-children are funny. A friend heard her girl ask her boy if there were any Sirs or Lords at his school. Rather taken aback, and having nothing so choice to produce, he asked her if she had any at hers. "Mine is a girls' school," was the dignified reply, "and we have a girl who says she is going to be a Duchess." Not to be outdone, the brother struck in, "We have a very rich boy at our school." His father, overhearing, said, "How do you know he's rich, Peter?" "Well, daddy, he has two clean shirts a week, and he wears a hard round hat with a string to it, and lots of people write to his father to ask for money." "I know lots of rich folk like that, Peter," said his father, pondering upon the ease with which a plutocratic reputation can be acquired at a school for young boys, and how easily one for ducal rank at one for little girls! A. E. L.



Destined for Riviera sunshine are these pretty frocks and jumper from Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, W. They are fashioned of British crêpe-de-Chine, the frock in the centre being embroidered in blue, and the one on the right faced with scarlet. (See page 360.)

PAINFUL POEMS



Fougasse

My cousin John, a careless mortal,
Travelling in an ocean liner,
Leant too far through his cabin porthole,
—Left a widow, Clementina;
To stop her sobs we tried and tried,
No soothing words of ours could lull her—
'In the pocket of his coat,' she sighed,
'Was a full box of ABDULLA!'

—Fougasse.

ABDULLA

CIGARETTES

Turkish
Egyptian
Virginian

Smoking
Mixture

Fashions and Fancies.

Frocks for the Riviera.

The brilliant sunshine enjoyed on the Riviera early this year has lured southward even greater numbers than usual, and every day the crowded "Blue Train" carries more visitors to bask in the warmth.



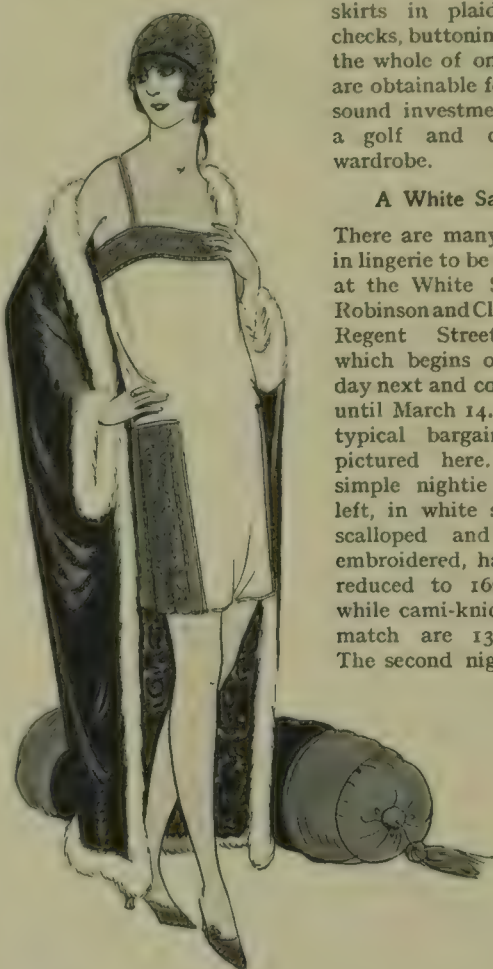
A useful nightdress in schappe silk, hand-embroidered, which may be purchased very inexpensively during the White Sale at Robinson and Cleaver's.

organdie complete with a muslin underslip obtainable for 49s. 6d.; and washing Irish linen frocks in every colour with detachable collars and cuffs are only 35s. 9d.; others in figured sponge cloth, which washes and wears splendidly, are 42s. Tailored overblouses to wear with spring suits are another speciality of this firm. The one sketched on page 358, carried out in ivory British crêpe-de-Chine, costs 39s. 6d., and in spun silk they range from 18s. 9d. Some are completed with knotted ties which can be transformed at will into fluttering scarves.

Kasha Suits for the Spring.

Paris has been busily displaying the new fashions during the past few weeks, and many of the French creations may be studied in London at the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, W. The two-piece suit is, of course, a notable feature of the spring

collections, and two models are pictured on page 358. The one on the left, expressed in natural kasha trimmed with wide pleats and buttons, can be obtained for £10 17s. 6d.; and the other, made of covert repp and crêpe-de-Chine, is only £8 19s. Then there are coats and skirts of the fashionable kasha in the natural colour or tobacco-brown available for £7 15s., and well-cut models in speckled tweeds are only 3 guineas, the coats lined throughout with silk.



Champagne crêpe-de-Chine pleated and panelled with lace makes these attractive cami-knickers, which are included in the sale at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W.

Well-tailored sports skirts in plaids and checks, buttoning down the whole of one side, are obtainable for 30s., sound investments for a golf and country wardrobe.

A White Sale.

There are many prizes in lingerie to be secured at the White Sale at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W., which begins on Monday next and continues until March 14. Three typical bargains are pictured here. The simple nightie on the left, in white schappe scalloped and hand-embroidered, has been reduced to 16s. 11d., while cami-knickers to match are 13s. 11d. The second nightie, in

fine lemon lawn trimmed with hand-embroidered motifs on net, costs 28s. 9d., and chemise and knickers to correspond are 15s. 6d. and 16s. 6d. respectively. Then the cami-knickers in the centre, in champagne crêpe-de-Chine pleated and panelled with lace, are only 22s. 9d. Other models in crêpe-de-Chine with coloured hems are 21s., and lace-trimmed nighties of the same material are 39s. 9d. There are cotton pyjamas, silk striped, available for 12s. 11d., made jumper fashion; and pretty crêpon nighties are to be secured for 4s. 11d. Long-sleeved dressing-gowns in shantung with lace-trimmed voile collars and cuffs have been reduced to 37s. 9d., and useful petticoats in printed shantung are 13s. 11d. each.



Fine lemon lawn decorated with hand-embroidered motifs fashions this pretty nightdress, which hails from Robinson and Cleaver's.

The Nursery Soap.

That children invariably dislike what is good for them is proved to be a fallacy by Wright's Coal Tar Soap, for the small folk of the nursery love it, though its highly beneficial qualities are obvious to everyone. Not only is it excellent for every skin, but its daily use protects the kiddies from measles, scarlatina, and the many infectious diseases which attack childhood. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is obtainable everywhere, and should never be absent from nursery and schoolroom. A box containing three large tablets can be secured for 1s. 6d.

Novelty of the Week.

A new version of the polo sweater for warm spring days has just made its appearance. Made of closely woven artificial silk stockinette instead of wool, the high collar fastens at the side, and it can be obtained in many light shades, including peach, sunburn, and cinnamon. The price is only 12s. 11d., and on application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address of the firm whence it may be obtained.

BOLS



The Spanish Wars were raging in the Netherlands when Lucas Bols founded "t Loojsje"—the first Bols distillery—at Amsterdam in 1575.

THROUGH three hundred and fifty years of strife, taking turns with prosperity, the heirs of Lucas Bols have continued to distil fine spirits and liqueurs, ever mindful of the ancient Bols tradition, yet ever companions to progress

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PACKARD

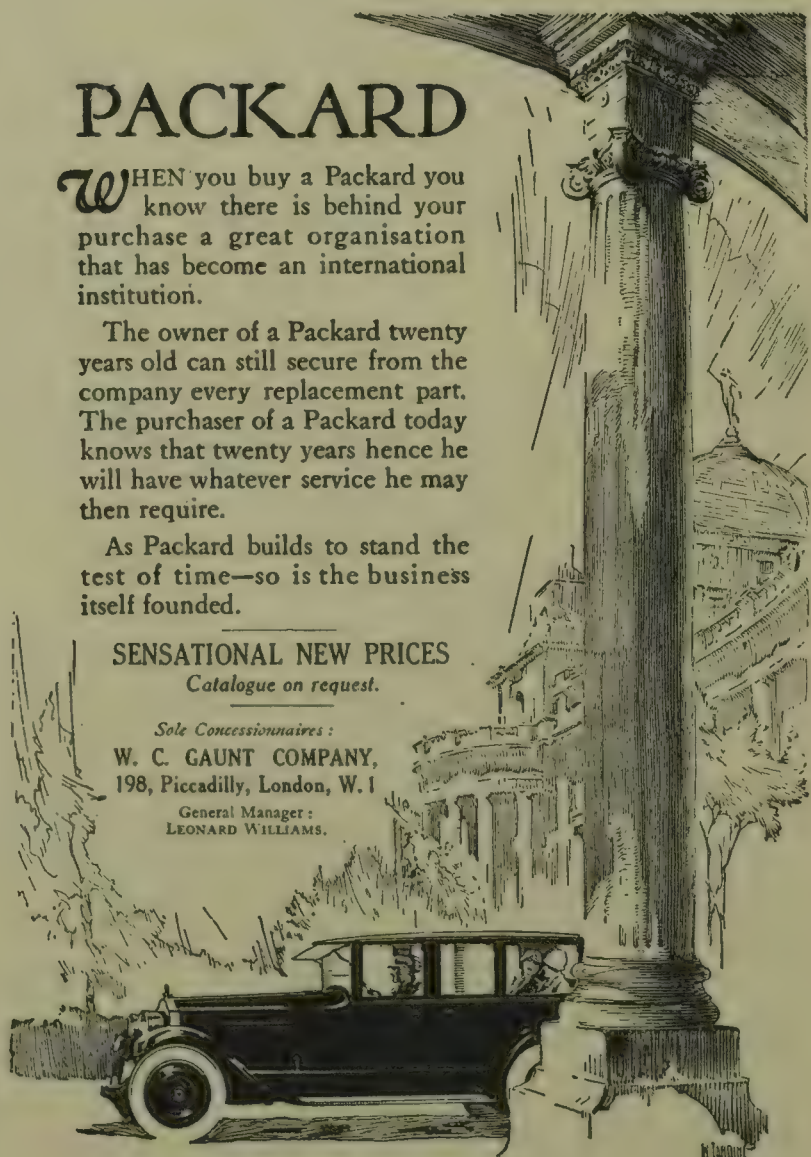
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Sturdy
British Car.

A British small-engined car of which I have always held a very high opinion, based on a good deal of personal experience, is the 11·9-h.p. Hillman. I have always held the view that the term "light

is true you can employ materials which have double the strength of those in use twenty years ago, which is all to the good; but you cannot, however good your material, achieve this stiffness of the whole unless it is substantial, which in turn means a comparatively low power-weight ratio, which is the abomination of the pedants, but is to the good of the user. Not that the Hillman is unduly heavy. On the contrary, an excellent balance between the essentials has been preserved, with the consequence that here you have a car which combines with an excellent road performance a degree of dependability which is not possessed by some of its lighter contemporaries.

I have recently been trying out one of the latest models, and I really have been much impressed by it. It seems to possess all the desirable qualities which one likes to associate with the really good car. It is silent, fast, a good hill-climber, and exceedingly comfortable to drive. The all-weather equipment, both of the two-seater and the four, is undoubtedly the best of its kind. I know of none which is anything like as good for its purpose.

When the hood and the side-windows are erected, there is a noticeable absence of those draughts and wind-eddies which are so characteristic of all the compromise all-weather designs, and the car is as comfortable as the conventional saloon or coupé. My impression of the car as a whole is that, if it is not the best of the British small-engined cars, it has had a very narrow escape from being so.

Packard Prices
Reduced.

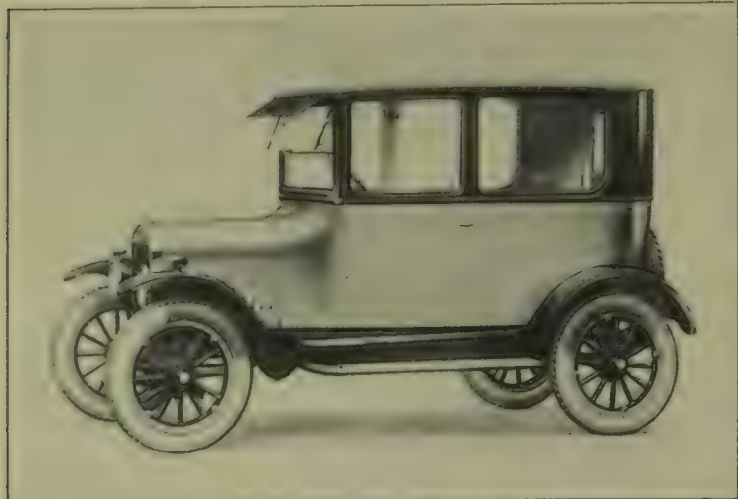
All the prices of the Packard models have been much reduced lately. The Packard is recognised as being one of the leading American cars, and has become very much of a

favourite among discriminating motorists in this country. The eight-cylinder chassis is now £960—a reduction of £90—while all the complete models have been reduced correspondingly. The six-cylinder chassis is now priced at £695 for the long and £685 for the short wheel-base type; while, as in the case of the "eight," all complete-car prices have come down in relation.

Motor Taxation
and Registration.

The Automobile Association has issued a booklet setting out for motorists, in simple language, the various requirements of the law on taxation and registration of motor-cars and motor-cycles. What to do when buying or selling a car, when changing its character, or when wishing to surrender a car license and obtain its unexpired value, and the many points relating to the registration book and motor-license, are explicitly dealt with in this booklet. It also contains tables showing at a glance, for any period of the year, the exact amount of tax payable for annual, quarterly, or shorter period licenses. Any owner of a motor-car or motor-cycle may obtain a copy of this booklet by sending a postcard to the Secretary, The Automobile Association, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1.

W. W.



THE FORD "TUDOR" SALOON, WITH BALLOON TYRES: THE LATEST MODEL.

car" is one that is rather out of place, and has not done a great deal of good to the industry, since it has impelled designers to endeavour to get weights down below the limit which is requisite for proper stiffness of the chassis. It is obvious that any chassis, however sturdily constructed, must have a certain amount of "give." In fact, the chassis should be elastic enough, if I may apply such a term, to give slightly to the inequalities of the road. But there is a limit to this elasticity, and, if the quality is too pronounced, it means that the constant whip and wringing of the chassis will cause the coachwork to develop squeaks and rattles, and in course of time will practically knock it to pieces. Now, the designers of the Hillman have avoided going to this extreme, and have not been afraid to put the necessary weight of material into the chassis to ensure the right amount of stiffness. Here let me say that this question of stiffness has nothing whatever to do with the actual metallurgical qualities of the material employed. It



THE YOUNGEST MAYORESS IN ENGLAND: MISS BETTIE HOWITT, OF RICHMOND, WITH A 20-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CAR. Miss Bettie Howitt, who is in her thirteenth year, is the Mayoress of Richmond, Surrey. In the background of the photograph is Richmond Town Hall.



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The Motoring Correspondent of the "Times," January 27th, 1925

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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE FLAME IN THE SOUTH. A NOVEL. By LUKE HANSARD. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is an excellent example of the modern historical novel, in which events of the near past in Europe are linked with those of our own day. It should be read by all who would understand the growth of Italy into a united nation and the spirit in which she entered the Great War. The "flame in the south" is the flame of Italian patriotism, which inspired Mazzini and Garibaldi to destroy the Austrian tyranny, and burned up anew against the same enemy ten years ago. But the book is not a historical treatise; it is a live romance, admirably written, in which history is told through personal motive and action, and through incident vividly described. The hero is a boy of Anglo-Italian birth, exiled from Venice with his English mother at the age of eight, brought up by an early Victorian uncle in Chelsea, and gradually drawn by force of circumstance into the conflict for the liberation of his native land. He sails with Garibaldi and his gallant "thousand" to Sicily, shares in their amazing victories, finds love and disillusion, and lives to fight twice more for Italy. In such a tale there must perforce be tragedy, and the author does not mince matters about executions, Austrian cruelties, or the agonies of war. Whether the end is happy depends on the reader's idea of happiness.

DOMINION. A NOVEL. By JOHN PRESLAND. (Philip Allan; 7s. 6d. net.)

Here again we have a chapter of modern history cast into the form of romance—the scene, South Africa; and the dominant figure, Cecil Rhodes. It begins with his return to Cape Town in 1895, when all London had been at his feet, with leisure at last to realise his dreams. The story shows how they were shattered. "The little men with their selfish schemes and their mean plots thwart him; that ugly streak in his own nature betrays him; the sense of impending doom deepens; till one day a band of raiders rides over a frontier and Rhodes is left alone with the fragments of his great work." Fact is cleverly blended with fiction, and the author is careful to indicate the dividing line. "I have not attempted,"

he says, "to write history. While some of the characters are real people, others—and among them Mrs. Maltravers—are not; and, while many of the events described are historically true, no incident such as those in which that lady is concerned ever took place. . . . For Cecil Rhodes . . . I have the greatest admiration, and . . . my object has been not to belittle, but to show how a great man may, even through his faults and errors, rise to yet greater heights of nobility." Among the other real characters are "Dr. Jim," Beit, and Hofmeyr.



THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: MR. HECTOR PILKINGTON'S PENTONVILLE.

There were sixty-four competitors this year for the Waterloo Cup, the chief event in coursing, which began at Altcar on February 18. The deciding course was run on the 20th, when Mr. Hector C. Pilkington's Pentonville beat Lord Lonsdale's Lawman.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

JOHN FRENHAM, K.C. By SINCLAIR MURRAY, in collaboration with B. V. SHANN. (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)

The situation in which a famous Divorce Court counsel finds himself torn between professional duty and a romantic attachment, as in this story, is perhaps commoner in fiction than in real life. For the purposes of the former, however, it affords effective possibilities, of which the present authors take full

advantage. John Frensham has been retained in an action for divorce brought by a husband against his wife, and unexpectedly finds that the principal witness for the defence is Edna Carroll, with whom he (since married) had once been in love. The old allurements reawakens, and, when Edna implies that she herself is the guilty party, Frensham throws up the case rather than cross-examine a woman in whose virtue he had always believed. He has reached another crisis in his life, between the call of passion and loyalty to a devoted wife and son. How the problem is worked out the reader must be left to discover.

RANSOM. By ANTHONY RICHARDSON. (Constable; 7s. 6d. net.)

This novel takes its name from a passage in Thackeray's "Pendennis" quoted on the title-page: "I never knew anybody . . . who has not had to ransom himself out of the hands of Fate with the payment of some dearest treasure or other." The "brigand's" victim in the present story is James Brockenholt, whom we first meet, a successful post-war business man, returning as a munificent benefactor to visit the old school which had expelled him twenty years before. It is in the course of his relations with two women, one of whom he marries, that he falls into Fate's clutches. The price exacted is a heavy one, but, as he is not a particularly agreeable character, the reader is not inclined to waste much sympathy upon him.

THE STARKENDEN QUEST. By GILBERT COLLINS. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

Fantastic tales of adventure, based on the discovery of an ancient manuscript containing clues to concealed treasure or mines of precious stones, have been woven many a time and oft, but there is always room for a new one. The present story is a good specimen of its kind, full of sensational incident and hairbreadth escapes. The adventure leads to mysterious caves, with luminous eye-stones, like "blue diamonds that shone in the dark," embedded in the walls. But weirder things and dreadful perils awaited them. The caves were peopled by a race of hairy dwarfs armed with long knives, and ruled by a white man, with two strange beings known as the Unaging One and the Undying One—a kind of savage counterpart of one of Mr. Shaw's "ancients" in "Back to Methuselah."

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

H CARRINGTON SMITH (Quebec).—Your perseverance has been rewarded with success in the case of No. 3948, and we have little doubt you will soon become an accomplished solver.

F. HOWER (Toulon).—Your further contribution shall receive our careful attention.

HORACE E. McFARLAND (St. Louis, Mo.).—Many thanks for your lively and most interesting budget. The solution of No. 3945 was misprinted; it should have been Q to Q Kt 5th.

P. J. WOOD (Silcoates School, Wakefield).—We have every expectation that your problem will prove acceptable on a critical examination. Thanks for its contribution.

DARABAHIA FRAMJI BHARAKE (Bombay).—The first thing you have got to learn about solving problems is never to seek to do so with a check for the key-move. The seven solutions you send all begin with checks, and are all wrong.

E. G. B. BARLOW (Bournemouth).—Many thanks; we hope to find both up to your usual excellent standard.

J. E. HOUSEMAN (Chicoutimi).—You will find you were duly credited with No. 3945, the printed answer being in error.

JAMES W. SMEDLEY (Brooklyn).—In No. 3946 the reply to 1. — K takes B, was given in our printed solution as 2. Q to Kt 8th (ch), etc. You are duly credited with solution of No. 3948.

H. F. MARKER (Porbander, India).—In No. 3946 you have failed, like most solvers, to discover its brilliant solution, and in No. 3947, although you have given the right key, you ignore altogether the defence of 1. — P to Q 4th, which is the only point of the problem.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Hastings in the Premier Tournament of the Christmas Chess Festival between Messrs. F. D. YATES and N. E. PRICE.
(Key Lopez Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Y.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. Y.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. P to R 5th	Q R to Kt sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. Kt to Q 2nd	K R to Q B sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	22. R to R 4th	P takes P
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	23. P takes P	P to Q 4th
5. Castles	B to K 2nd	24. P takes P	B to Kt 5th
6. R to K sq	P to Q 3rd	25. Q to B 3rd	Q to Q 3rd
7. P to B 3rd	Castles	26. B to B 5th	Kt takes P
8. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 4th		
9. B to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
10. B to K 3rd	Kt to Q K 4th		

This counter-attack on the Queen's wing by an unsupported Knight leads to nothing but a waste of time, if not worse.

11. B to B 2nd Kt to B 5th
12. B to B sq R to K 5th
13. P to Q Kt 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd
14. Q Kt to Q 2nd P to B 4th
15. P to K R 3rd B takes Kt
16. Kt takes B Q to B 2nd
17. P to Q R 4th

White correctly concentrates pressure on Black's right wing, compromised as it is by the premature advance of Q Kt and Q B P.

17. Q Kt to Q 2nd
18. Q to K 2nd P to B 5th
19. Kt P takes B P Kt P takes B P

A CHESS RECORD.

On Feb. 1, A. Alekhine conducted twenty-eight simultaneous blindfold games in Paris, against that number of French players, winning twenty-two, drawing three, and losing three. This beats by two his own previous record of twenty-six games. The play continued for nearly fourteen hours, during which period the single player only drank coffee and mineral waters, and smoked 100 cigarettes.

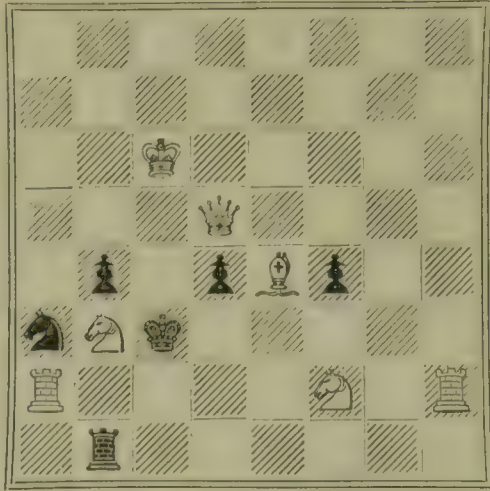
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3947 received from H. F. Marker (Porbander, India), and G. T. Rajan (Royapettah, Madras); of No. 3948 from James W. Smedley (Brooklyn), S. Homer (Toulon), J. E. Houseman (Chicoutimi), J. Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), H. Carrington Smith (Quebec), and J. M. K. Lupton (Richmond); of No. 3949 from E. J. Rowe (Okehampton), H. W. Satow (Bangor), W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J. W. Wood (Silcoates School, Wakefield), S. Homer (Toulon), and J. M. K. Lupton (Richmond); of No. 3950 from C. H. Watson (Masham), H. W. Satow (Bangor), C. B. S. (Canterbury), J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J. Hunter (Leicester), A. Edmeston (Worsley), E. G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth), A. C. Vaughan (Wellington), S. Caldwell (Hove), J. C. Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), J. M. K. Lupton (Richmond), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J. P. Smith (Cricklewood), and Rev. W. Scott (Elgin).

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3949.—BY ARTHUR MOSELEY (BRISBANE).

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 6th Anything
2. Mates accordingly.

A pleasing open position, presenting no element of difficulty in its solution, and entirely void of guile, but with a fair variety of well-arranged mates that proved very attractive to our solvers.

PROBLEM No. 3951.—BY H. GWYN ROBERTS. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

By the death of Mr. Anthony Guest, for over forty years Chess Editor of the *Morning Post*, Metropolitan chess has lost one of its most prominent personalities, and a gap is made in its ranks that will not easily be filled up. The conspicuous ability with which he conducted the column under his charge was due, in the first place, to his wide and practical knowledge of every point of the game, and, secondly, to his literary and social gifts, which imparted an attractive charm to his work in all its various phases. As a player he had been the British amateur champion; after which he abandoned the serious practice of the game in response to the claims of a business career, but maintained a connection with it through journalism and problem composition that lasted for the rest of his life. He was a fine composer himself, and an admirable judge of others' work, an excellent and accurate analyst with a perfect equipment of book-learning; while he was ever ready with encouragement wherever his keen eye detected the beginnings of promise. Such exceptional qualifications placed him in the very front rank of chess editors, and his loss is proportionately great.

MR. JOHN BARRYMORE'S HAMLET.

HOW refreshing an experience it is to come across a new Hamlet such as commands instant respect and needs no allowances to be made for technical deficiencies or incomplete study—a Hamlet that quietly but triumphantly takes its place by the side of the famous Hamlets of stage-history! Such is Mr. John Barrymore's Hamlet, now to be seen at the Haymarket.

The great thing about this Hamlet, a slim Hamlet with grave face that rarely smiles, an agile Hamlet, is the thought which has gone to its making, the feeling for harmony and composition which informs every phase of the performance. You realise his adjustment of detail to a unifying conception. The only serious point at issue is whether this thoughtful, philosophic Hamlet gets all the music and emotion he might out of his lines—whether, indeed, he sounds passion at all. His soliloquies come at so slow a pace that they scarcely reach climax, and the passage beginning "O what a rogue and peasant slave," which should go with a rush of feeling, never warms up. One does not ask for a sentimental Hamlet like Tree's, but this Hamlet of Mr. Barrymore's never seems as if he could have loved his Ophelia. One cannot expect every Hamlet to have the princely charm of Forbes-Robertson's, but more geniality would be welcome in this one's behaviour to Horatio.

On the other hand, Mr. Barrymore is magnificent in the play-scene, impressive with the Ghost, always right in his handling of Polonius, poignant, if perhaps too affectionate, in the closet-scene with the Queen, very happy over the skull of poor Yorick, and hauntingly strange in his duel encounter with Laertes. He misses the big opportunity at the grave of Ophelia, partly through wrong "business"—he never leaps into the grave—partly through his incapacity for giving out in *crescendo* the swelling notes of passion. A great performance, despite its limitations, and one supported, it is pleasant to say, by an *ensemble* of all-round excellence. Mr. Malcolm Keen's King, Miss Constance Collier's picturesque Queen, Mr. Herbert Waring's Polonius, Mr. Ian Fleming's (rather stocky) Laertes, and Mr. Ben Field's First Grave-Digger deserve uniform praise; while Miss Fay Compton's Ophelia is one of the most beautiful, pathetic, and childlike of modern times. Admirably plain, too, in its simplicity is the setting, though one misses the open air in the graveyard picture; perhaps there is too little open air in the production.

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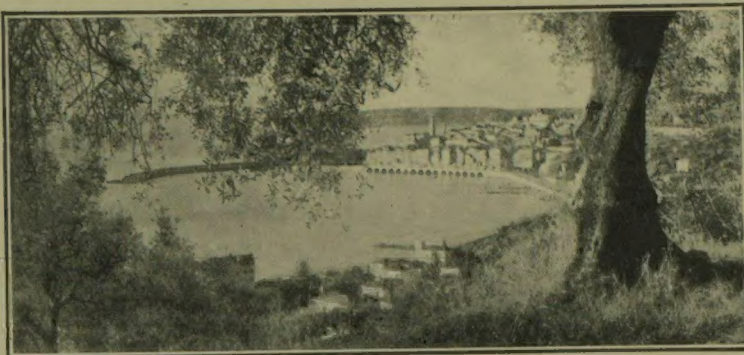
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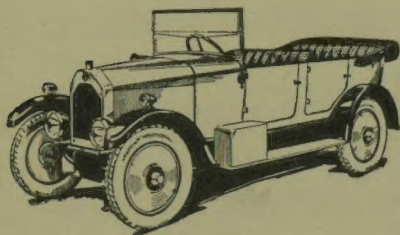
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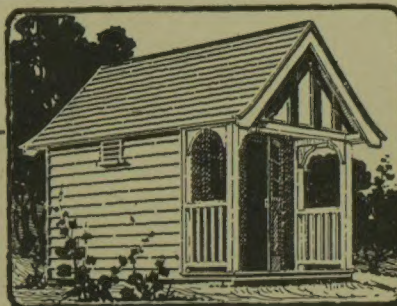
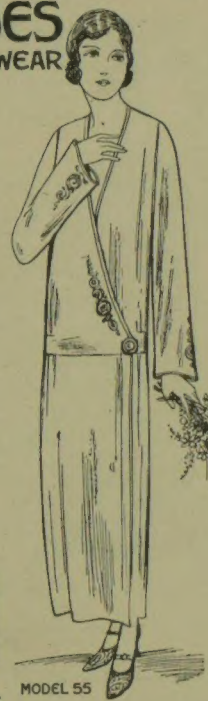
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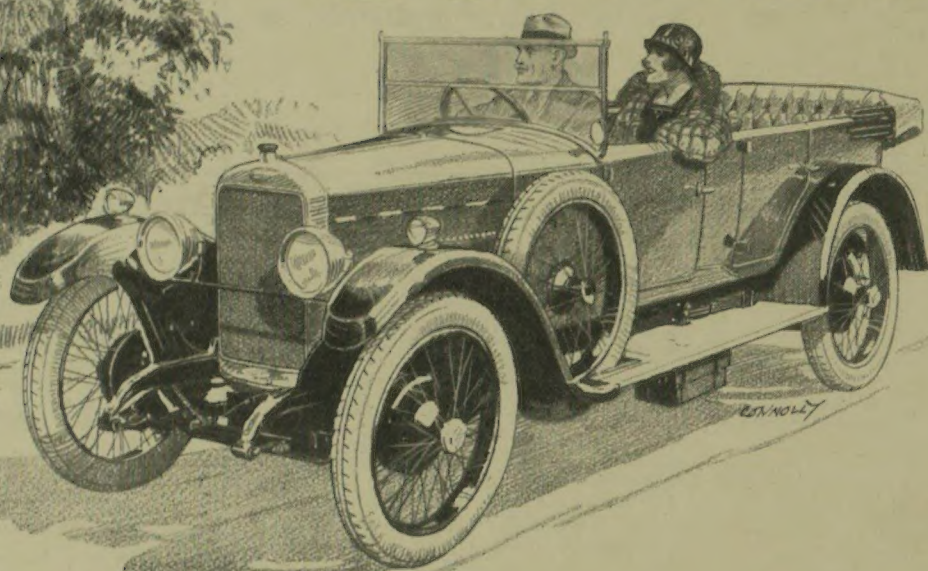
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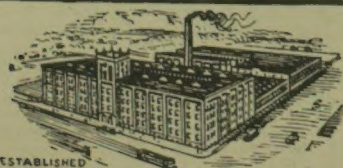
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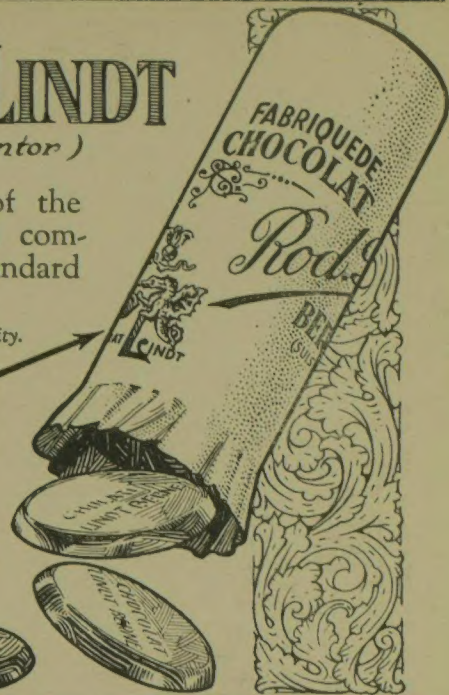
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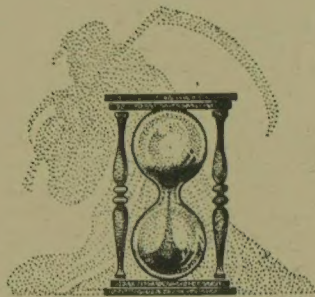
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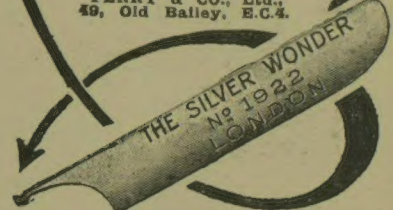
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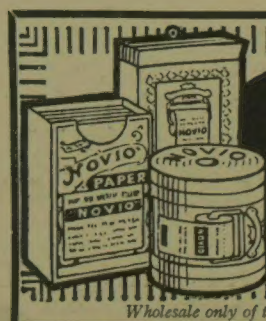
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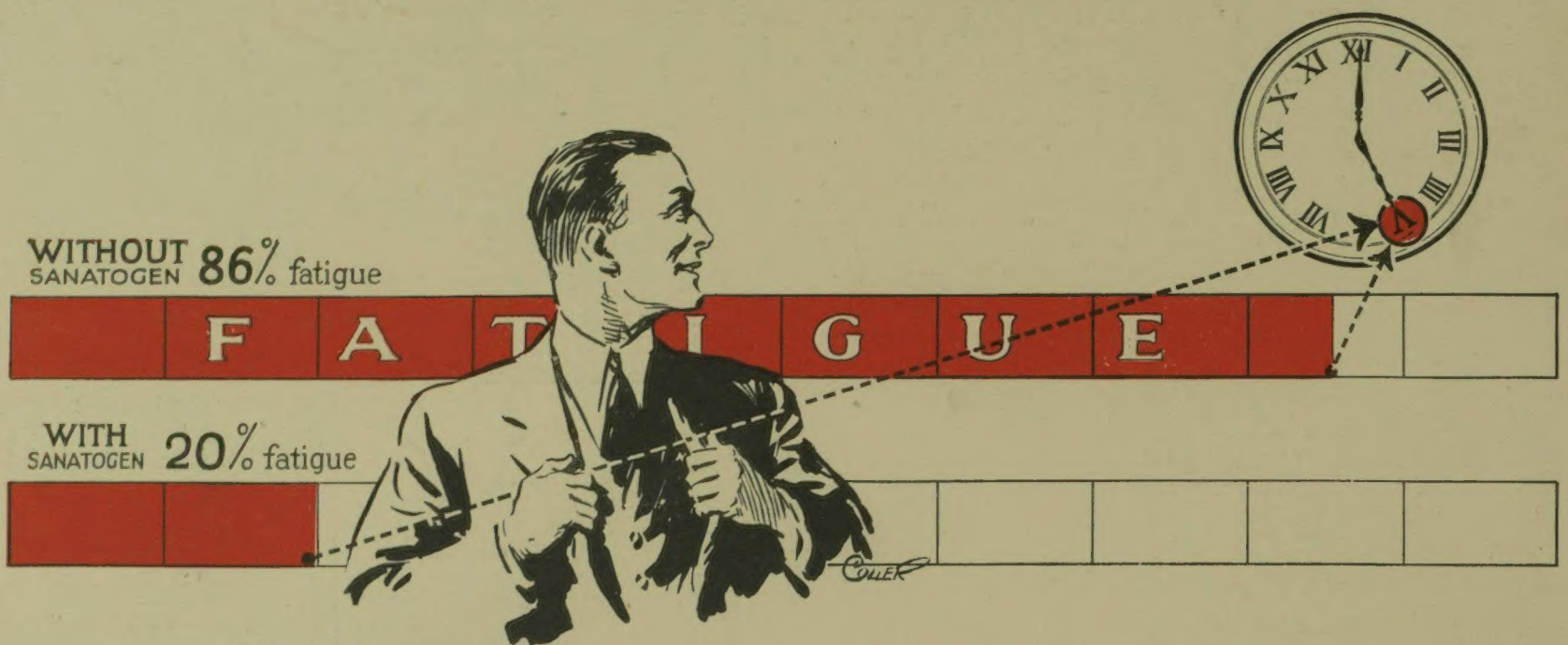
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